

BLACK DIAMOND WESTERN

THE FAST-ACTION WESTERN!

AUTHORIZED  
A. C. M. P.



# BLACK



10¢

# DIAMOND

# WESTERN

JUNE  
NO. 45

LEV GLEASON, PUB., CHARLES BIRO AND BOB WOOD, EDITORS

**THE  
BLACK  
DIAMOND  
UNMASKED!**  
HOW DOES HE  
LOOK? SEE  
INSIDE!



LOOK WHAT HE'S WEARIN' UNDER HIS SHIRT WHERE I TORE IT! HE'S THE REAL BLACK DIAMOND! THE OTHER GUY'S A FAKE!

THEY'VE FOUND US OUT, BUMPER! YOU HAVE NO AUTHORITY WITH MY BADGE! COVER OUR ESCAPE!

DIAMOND... MY GUN...IT WON'T FIRE!



**NEW!**  
IN THIS  
ISSUE →  
**BUCK  
ROPER**  
THE WORLD'S  
GREATEST  
COWBOY!

LEV GLEASON  
PUBLICATIONS





# WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM



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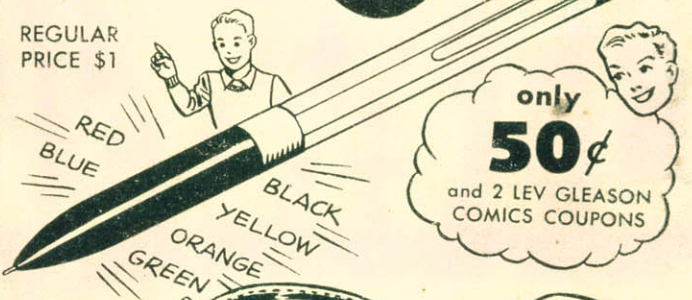
LEV GLEASON PUB. INC., 114 E. 32 St., N. Y. C.  
THIS OFFER EXPIRES DEC. 31, 1954

NOTE: Coupons like this now run in all Lev Gleason Comics: BOY, CRIME DOES NOT PAY, CRIME & PUNISHMENT, DAREDEVIL, DILLY, BLACK DIAMOND WESTERN, LOVER'S LANE and BOY LOVES GIRL. Cut them out, save them to redeem in getting things you want at "give-away" prices—valuable things like those shown on this page. (Each coupon is numbered. Be sure each coupon you send has a different number.)



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This is the pencil that works like magic — just twist the dial for any color you want—red, yellow, blue, orange, green, black—not 3, not 4 but 6 colors.

It's completely automatic, handsome two-tone onyx and silver. Light to hold, easy to use.

**GUARANTEED:** Lifetime guarantee with each pencil, jewelry crafted, built-in shock absorber eliminates lead breakage. Comes in attractive box, with written guarantee. Order by coupon.

only **\$350** tax paid  
and 3 LEV GLEASON COMICS COUPONS

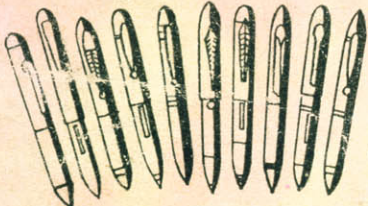
USUALLY SELLS FOR AS MUCH AS \$10.00



**CHRONOGRAPH WATCH**  
TACHOMETER - TELEMETER

This handsome, chrome-cased jewelled watch has full year's manufacturer's guarantee — radium, glow-at-night dial, red sweep-second hand. Measures speed of moving objects, measures distance between points, has two push buttons for "stop" and "start." It's rugged, handsome, precision made. Use coupon to order.

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**MAKE EASY MONEY!**

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**WHAT AN OFFER! NOT ONE—BUT TEN**

Yes, ten ball-point pens, all guaranteed to write — and to last. Different colors and sizes. Handsome, sturdy, the kind you'd pay up to a dollar a piece for in stores—and all 10 are yours for only 75¢, and two coupons. Send for yours today.

LEV GLEASON PUBLICATIONS, NEW YORK, N. Y.  
THESE OFFERS EXPIRE DEC. 31, 1954

LEV GLEASON PUBLICATIONS, INC.  
114 E. 32 ST., NEW YORK 16, N. Y.

Please rush me the items checked. I enclose \$ \_\_\_\_\_ and \_\_\_\_\_ coupons.

6 color Pencil (enclose 50¢ and 2 coupons)

Chronograph Watch (enclose \$3.50 and 3 coupons)

10 Ball point pens (enclose 75¢ and 2 coupons)

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# THE UNMASKING OF BLACK DIAMOND



YOU'LL NEVER GET ME, DIAMOND! AAGHH...

GET 'IM, NICK! HE KILLED COBB!

DIAMOND CAN'T GET 'EM BOTH! DADRAT IT! I FORGOT THESE BLASTED GUNS WERE JAMMED!

FOR MANY YEARS, A MASKED MARSHAL, BOB VALE KNOWN AS THE BLACK DIAMOND HAS STOOD FOR THE FORCES OF LAW, ORDER AND JUSTICE IN ONE SMALL AREA OF THE AMERICAN WEST! PART OF HIS EFFECTIVENESS HAS, PERHAPS, BEEN DUE TO THE BLACK MASK OF ANONYMITY THAT HIDES HIS FEATURES—GIVING HIM A COLD AND FEARFUL ASPECT! BUT, IN LATE 1878, A CASE AROSE THAT COULD ONLY BE HANDLED BY AN UNMASKED BLACK DIAMOND!

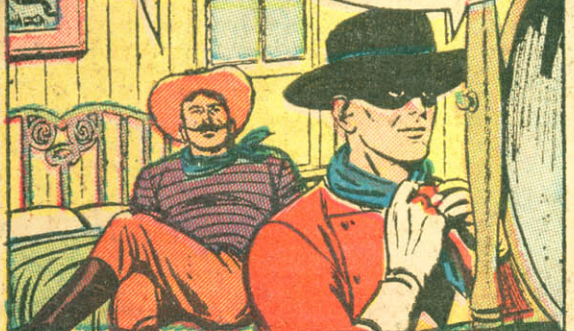
IT WAS LATE SEPTEMBER IN COPPER CITY, AND BLACK DIAMOND HAD JUST RECEIVED AN URGENT LETTER FROM THE U.S. MARSHAL DISTRICT HEADQUARTERS IN DALLAS...

WHAT D'YOU SUPPOSE THEY'RE ALL FIRED UP ABOUT, DIAMOND?

I DON'T KNOW, BUMPER, BUT THAT LETTER SOUNDED URGENT! I'M GETTIN' THERE AS SOON AS I CAN!

I SHORE WISH I WAS GOIN' WITH YOU, BOB! THEY MIGHT TRY AND STICK YOU BEHIND A DESK OR SOMETHIN'!

NOT MUCH CHANCE OF THAT, BUMPER! WELL, SO 'LONG!





HOURS LATER IN THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE DALLAS MARSHAL...

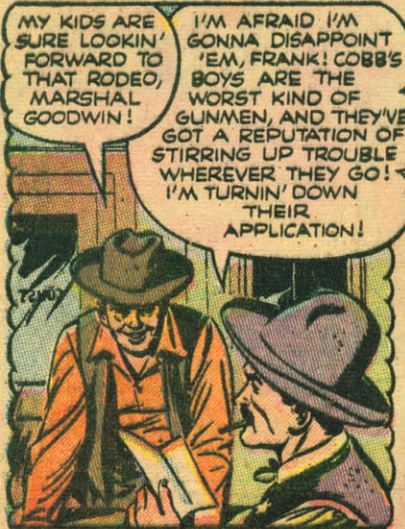


I THINK YOU KNEW MARSHAL BART GOODWIN, DIAMOND! HE WAS KILLED IN A GUN DUEL! WE! SUSPECT DIRTY WORK! AND WE KNOW WHO KILLED HIM, BUT THERE'S NOTHING WE CAN DO!

NOTHING? WHAT DO YOU MEAN?



I'D BETTER GO BACK TO THE BEGINNING! THIS HERE IS HIS KILLER - RALPH COBB, OWNER AND OPERATOR OF THE COBB RODEO! IT ALL STARTED WHEN HE WROTE GOODWIN AND ASKED FOR A PERMIT TO BRING HIS RODEO INTO GODWIN'S TERRITORY! GOODWIN CHECKED INTO HIS BACKGROUND...



MY KIDS ARE SURE LOOKIN' FORWARD TO THAT RODEO, MARSHAL GOODWIN!

I'M AFRAID I'M GONNA DISAPPOINT 'EM, FRANK! COBB'S BOYS ARE THE WORST KIND OF GUNMEN, AND THEY'VE GOT A REPUTATION OF STIRRING UP TROUBLE WHEREVER THEY GO! I'M TURNIN' DOWN THEIR APPLICATION!



A FEW DAYS LATER, COBB RODE INTO TOWN...

GOODWIN'S INSIDE, COBB! WE FIXED HIS GUN!

NICE GOIN', HAPPY! BETTER FOLLOW ME, IN CASE ANYTHING GOES WRONG!



I'M RALPH COBB, MARSHAL! I'M WARNING YOU...I'M BRINGING MY RODEO INTO LARABIE WHETHER YOU LIKE IT OR NOT!

WHY, YOU... GIT OUTTA HERE, COBB! BEFORE I RUN YOU AND YOUR DIRTY GANG OUTTA HERE ON A RAIL!



NOBODY TALKS TO ME THAT WAY, GOODWIN! IF YOU WEREN'T WEARIN' THAT TIN BADGE, I'D...

IF THAT'S ALL THAT'S STOPPIN' YOU...



THERE AIN'T A MAN THAT KIN... AAGH..

CLICK! CLICK!

BANG!



I THINK THE MARSHAL CHANGED HIS MIND, HAPPY! TELL THE BOYS WE JUST GOT OUR LICENSE!

RIGHT, MR. COBB!



THIS IS GOODWIN'S GUN! Y'SEE, THE FIRING PIN'S BEEN FILED CLEAN! IT COULD NEVER FIRE AGAIN! THIS ISN'T THE FIRST TIME, EITHER! COBB'S KILLED NINE MEN THIS WAY, AND WE COULD NEVER PROVE HE FIXED THE GUNS!

HE'LL BE COMIN' INTO YOUR TERRITORY NEXT, BLACK DIAMOND! THAT'S WHY YOU'VE GOT THIS ASSIGNMENT! I WANT YOU TO GET THE PROOF TO PUT THIS RAT WHERE HE BELONGS!

I'LL DO MY BEST, MARSHAL!

BACK IN COPPER CITY...

THAT'S ABOUT IT, BUMPER! I'M GONNA APPLY FOR A JOB WITH COBB'S RODEO AS PETE BALLOU, AN EX-CON AND A FAST MAN WITH A GUN!

BUT...YOU'LL HAVE TO TAKE YOUR MASK OFF!

I HAVEN'T GOT ANY CHOICE, BUMPER!

I GOT A HUNCH YOU'LL REGRET THIS, DIAMOND! LEMME GO WITH YOU!

YOU KNOW I CAN'T TAKE YOU! YOU GOTTA STAY AND WATCH THE JAILHOUSE! AND TAKE CARE OF RELIAPON! I'LL TAKE EL LOBO!

WELL, SO LONG, BOB! GOOD LUCK!

IT WAS OVER A DAYS RIDE TO THE CITY WHERE COBB WAS HOLDING HIS RODEO! DUSTY, TIRED, AND UNSHAVEN, BOB VALE! CONTACTED THE HIRING BOSS...

MY NAME'S PETE BALLOU! I UNDERSTAND YOU'RE THE MAN TO SEE ABOUT A JOB!

WE KIN ALWAYS USE A GOOD HAND! COME ON, WE'LL SEE IF YOU KIN STAY ON A HORSE!

3



BLACK DIAMOND WESTERN



HE'S A PRETTY FAIR RIDER, AIN'T HE, NICK?

NOT BAD AT ALL!

THAT'S COBB! THIS MIGHT BE A GOOD TIME TO LET HIM KNOW I'M AROUND!



THIS ONE LOOKS TOUGH ENOUGH...

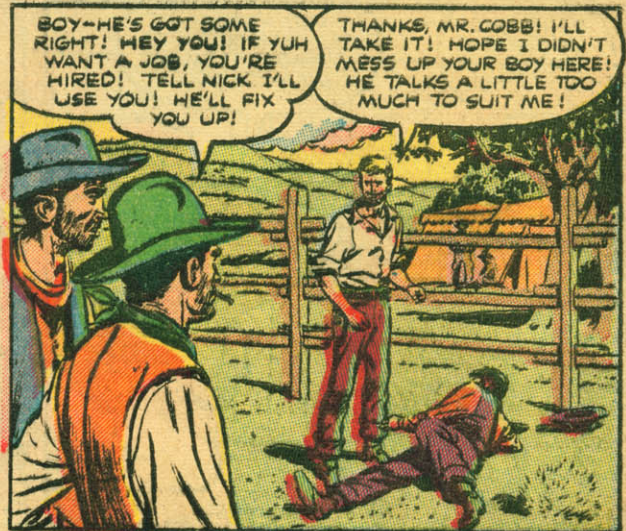
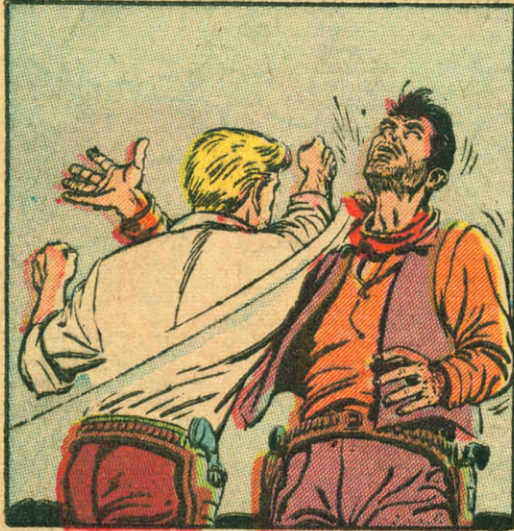
HEY! GIT YOUR PAWS OFF'N ME!

YA TRYIN' TA KILL ME? WHY DIDN'T YA WARN ME YOU WERE GIVIN' ME A HORSE THAT HADN'T NEVER BEEN RODE?



I WOULDN'T TALK THAT WAY IF I WAS YOU, FRIEND! I MIGHT GET RILED UP!

WHY, YOU LOUSY VARMINT... I'LL... OOFF!



BOY--HE'S GOT SOME RIGHT! HEY YOU! IF YUH WANT A JOB, YOU'RE HIRED! TELL NICK I'LL USE YOU! HE'LL FIX YOU UP!

THANKS, MR. COBB! I'LL TAKE IT! HOPE I DIDN'T MESS UP YOUR BOY HERE! HE TALKS A LITTLE TOO MUCH TO SUIT ME!



LATER... WE'RE MOVIN' INTO COPPER CITY NEXT! WRITE THE MARSHAL FOR A PERMIT!

THAT'S THE BLACK DIAMOND'S TERRITORY! THERE AIN'T A CHANCE HE'LL GIVE YOU A PERMIT!



THERE AIN'T A MAN BIG ENOUGH TO TELL RALPH COBB WHAT TO DO! I'M GOIN' TO SEE HIM IN PERSON! THERE'S TOO MUCH MONEY AROUND COPPER CITY FOR ME TO MISS PUTTIN' ON A SHOW THERE! WE'RE RIDIN' OVER TOMORROW!

I'D BETTER HAVE A TALK WITH BUMPER... FAST!



HEY, SONNY-- IF YOU GET THIS OFF RIGHT AWAY, THERE'LL BE FIFTY CENTS FOR YOU!

Y..YES, SIR!

WESTERN UNION  
MEET ME AT NINE TONIGHT IN RATTLESNAKE PASS URGENT. BOB



BLACK DIAMOND WESTERN

THAT NIGHT...

...AN! THAT'S THE STORY! I WANT YOU TO PUT ON MY UNIFORM AND MASK, AND POSE AS THE BLACK DIAMOND WHEN COBB COMES TO TOWN TOMORROW!

BUT... THIS MUSTACHE! HE'D SPOT ME RIGHT AWAY!

I'M SORRY, BUMPER, BUT THIS IS THE ONLY WAY WE CAN WORK IT! YOU CAN GROW ANOTHER ONE!

B... BUT IT TAKES SO LONG TO GROW ANOTHER ONE! I... AHH, OKAY! DARN IT!

THE NEXT AFTERNOON...

WATCH THIS KID, HAPPY! HE'S GOOD, AND HE'S TOUGH! I THINK WE CAN USE HIM MORE WAYS THAN ONE!

NEXT-PETE BALLOU!

THAR HE GOES!

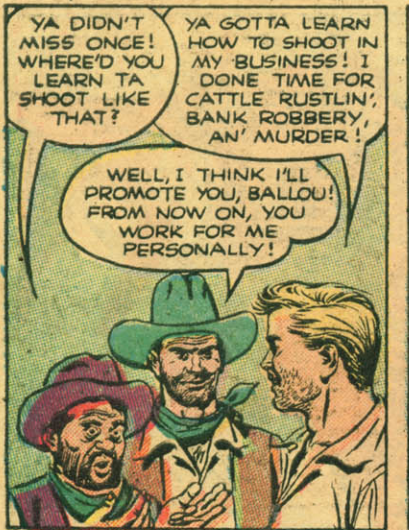
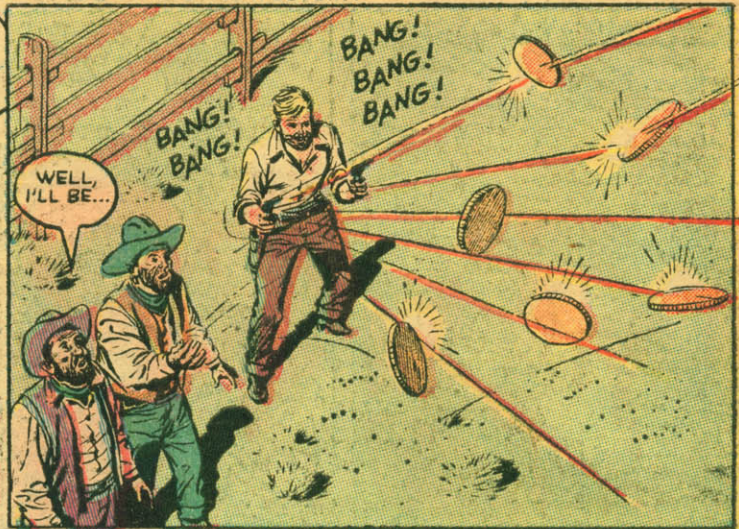
YEAH, BUT HE STAYED ON ALMOST TWO MINUTES! NOBODY'S BEATIN' THAT TIME!

HOLD HIM, EL LOBO!

ELEVEN SECONDS! THAT BOY'S ALL RIGHT! I WANTA SEE IF THAT BRONC RIDE HE DID YESTERDAY WAS A FLUKE! PUT 'IM ON STARFIRE, HAPPY!

IT WARN'T NO ACCIDENT! HAPPY, TELL BALLOU I WANT TO SEE HIM AFTER THE SHOW'S OVER!









LEMME GO, DIAMOND! LEMME... UGHH!

GET OUTTA THIS OFFICE RIGHT NOW!

OH, OH! GOTTA STOP HAPPY FROM SHOOTIN'!



I'LL TAKE CARE OF THIS GUN FOR A WHILE, HAPPY!

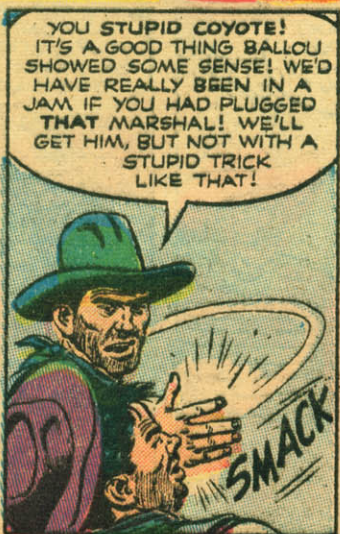
YOU MIGHTA WON THIS TIME, BUT YOU AIN'T SEEN THE LAST OF ME!

I'M GIVIN' YOU FAIR WARNIN' COBB! I'LL LOCK YOU UP IF YOU AIN'T OUTTA TOWN BY SHUTDOWN!



HEY, COBB! THIS BELONGS TO YOUR BOY! HAPPY! HE WAS GETTIN' A LITTLE LOOSE WITH IT!

I WOULD'VE PLUGGED THAT LOUSY MARSHAL IF THIS GUY HADN'T TAKEN MY GUN!



YOU STUPID COYOTE! IT'S A GOOD THING BALLOU SHOWED SOME SENSE! WE'D HAVE REALLY BEEN IN A JAM IF YOU HAD PLUGGED THAT MARSHAL! WE'LL GET HIM, BUT NOT WITH A STUPID TRICK LIKE THAT!

SMACK



WAIT'LL THE BLACK DIAMOND GOES HOME! THEN FIX HIS GUN, HAPPY! AND DON'T MAKE NO MISTAKES!

WHERE DOES HE LIVE? HOW'LL I GET HIM OUTTA HIS ROOM?

I BEEN NOSIN' AROUND! HE LIVES OVER THE FEED STORE! HE'LL GET OUTTA THERE FAST IF YOU SEND WORD THAT HIS HORSE IS SICK!

LATER...



COBB FOLLOWED BALLOU'S PLAN BUT BUMPER SOON DISCOVERED THAT SOMETHING WAS WRONG!

I DON'T KNOW WHAT THEY COULD'VE BEEN TALKIN' ABOUT! THAT HORSE AIN'T SICK!

THAT'S FUNNY - RELIAPON'S ALL RIGHT!



MEANWHILE, IN BUMPER'S ROOM...

THIS'LL FIX THAT LOUSY MARSHAL!

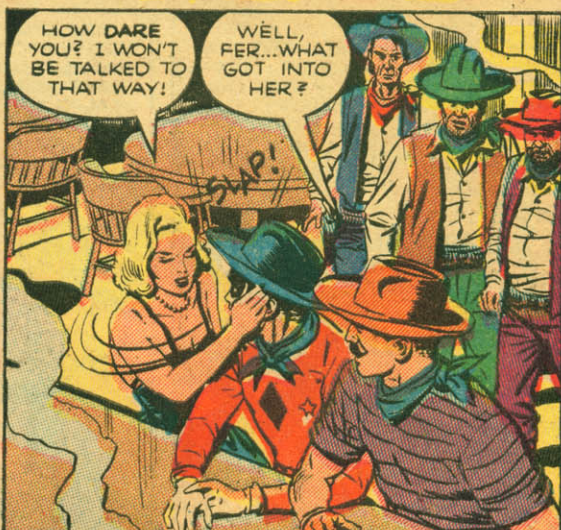
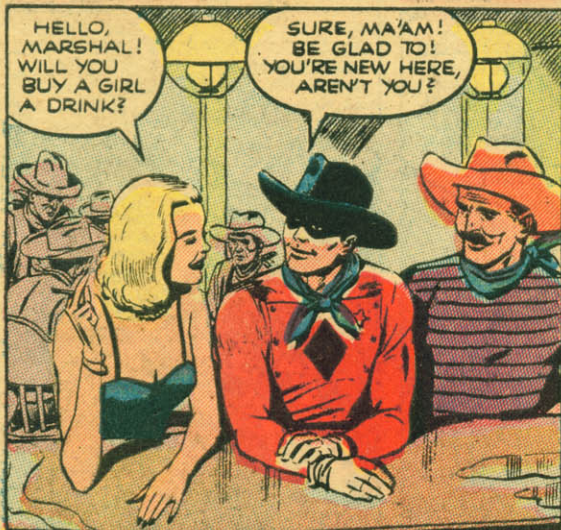


AND, FIVE MINUTES LATER...

I WONDER IF SOMEBODY... WHAT?!

KEEP AWAY FROM THOSE GUNS, DIAMOND! YOU AIN'T LIVIN' TO CROSS RALPH COBB NO LONGER!







BLACK DIAMOND WESTERN

I KNOW WHY YOU HAVEN'T COME OUT, SO I'M COMING IN, COBB! HAPPY MUST'VE TOLD YOU MY GUNS WEREN'T THE ONES HE FIXED! YOU'RE ALL UNDER ARREST FOR THE MURDER OF MARSHAL GOODWIN!

YOU CAN'T PROVE THAT, BLACK DIAMOND!

YOU WEREN'T AFRAID TO CHALLENGE GOODWIN 'CAUSE YOU KNEW HIS GUN WAS FIXED!

YOU ASKED FOR IT... DRAW!

THEY'RE GOIN' AFTER THEIR GUNS! CONSNARN IT! I FORGOT THESE GUNS WERE JAMMED!

BUT THEY CAN BE USEFUL IN OTHER WAYS...

UGHH...

OH, NO! YOU DON'T!

KONK!

AND THIS ONE'S RESERVED FOR YOU!

BANG!

LOOKS LIKE HE CAME PRETTY CLOSE, BUMPER! C'MON, HELP ME HAUL THESE RATS OVER TO THE JAIL!

DAGNAB IT! MY NEW SHIRT!

THE NEXT DAY, BLACK DIAMOND RECEIVED AN UNEXPECTED VISITOR...

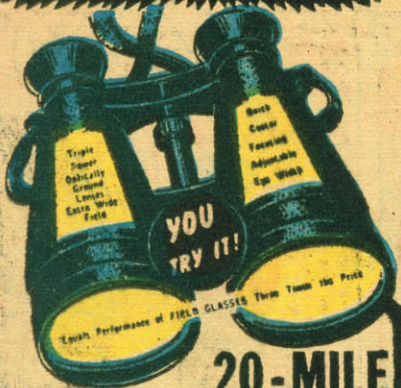
CONGRATULATIONS, DIAMOND! I'VE BEEN AUTHORIZED TO PRESENT YOU THIS MEDAL! AND TO TELL YOU THAT YOU'VE BEEN APPOINTED COMMISSIONER OF MARSHALS FOR THE ENTIRE MIDWESTERN AREA!

THANK YOU, SIR! BUT IT'S ENOUGH FOR ME JUST TO KNOW THAT I'M HELPING TO TEACH THESE COYOTES THEY CAN'T KILL A U.S. MARSHAL AND GET AWAY WITH IT!

The End



# TERRIFIC POWER!



These powerful, precision-made, glasses, though cast metal field glasses will give you more pleasure than you've ever dreamed possible. Extremely lightweight. When you take your first look you'll be amazed at the way objects and people come up to you CLOSE and CLEAR! Guaranteed for long, durable service and thrills or PAY NOTHING.

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63 Central Avenue Ossining, N. Y.

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Both lighters come in attractive gift boxes. Special combination offer, one of each style for only \$4 post-paid!

**EMPIRE MDSG. CO. Dept. L64**  
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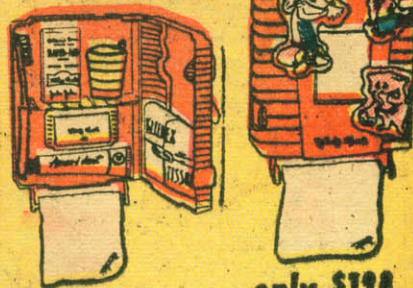
## NEW! KIDDY CHEST

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Kiddy cabinet is completely equipped with: Johnson & Johnson Band-Aid box, Kleenex Tissue, Ivory Soap, Ammi-dent Tooth Paste, Py-co-pay Tooth Brush, plastic tumbler, plastic soap dish, Dundee towel on rack below. Simple adhesive mounting hooks make it easy to hang — anywhere.

Kids love it. Send only \$1.98, cash, check or money order. Satisfaction guaranteed.

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**only \$1.98**

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She **TURNS—DANCES** as MUSIC BOX plays!

You'll thrill to the breathtaking beauty of Musical Bride Doll. She wears exquisite bridal gown of satin, net, lace . . . has real hair, closes eyes to sleep. Unbreakable. Stands 8" tall and plays "Bridal March" on genuine Swiss Music Box. This unequalled gift guarantees longtime pleasure to children & adults. Ideal centerpiece for weddings, showers. Sent on approval only \$5.95 p.d. Cash refund if not thrilled. **ORDER TODAY!**

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Sets are ruggedly constructed of high quality injection molded plastic; engineered for utility and extra long service. This is not a kit but a factory tested and guaranteed communication system. Both sets and radio receiver \$5.47. Guaranteed — or your money refunded in full.

THE NEW WALKIE TALKIES with \$3.49 SPECIAL LOW PRICE

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A SENSATIONAL TRICK that makes a magician of YOU! A Card is free! 14. Shown, yet disappears from hand to reappear in spectator's pocket **ITS FREE!** If you send 25¢ coin or stamps for our "BIG" Catalog of 400 Illustrated Tricks. **The MAGICIAN-LG**  
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# RED FIRE

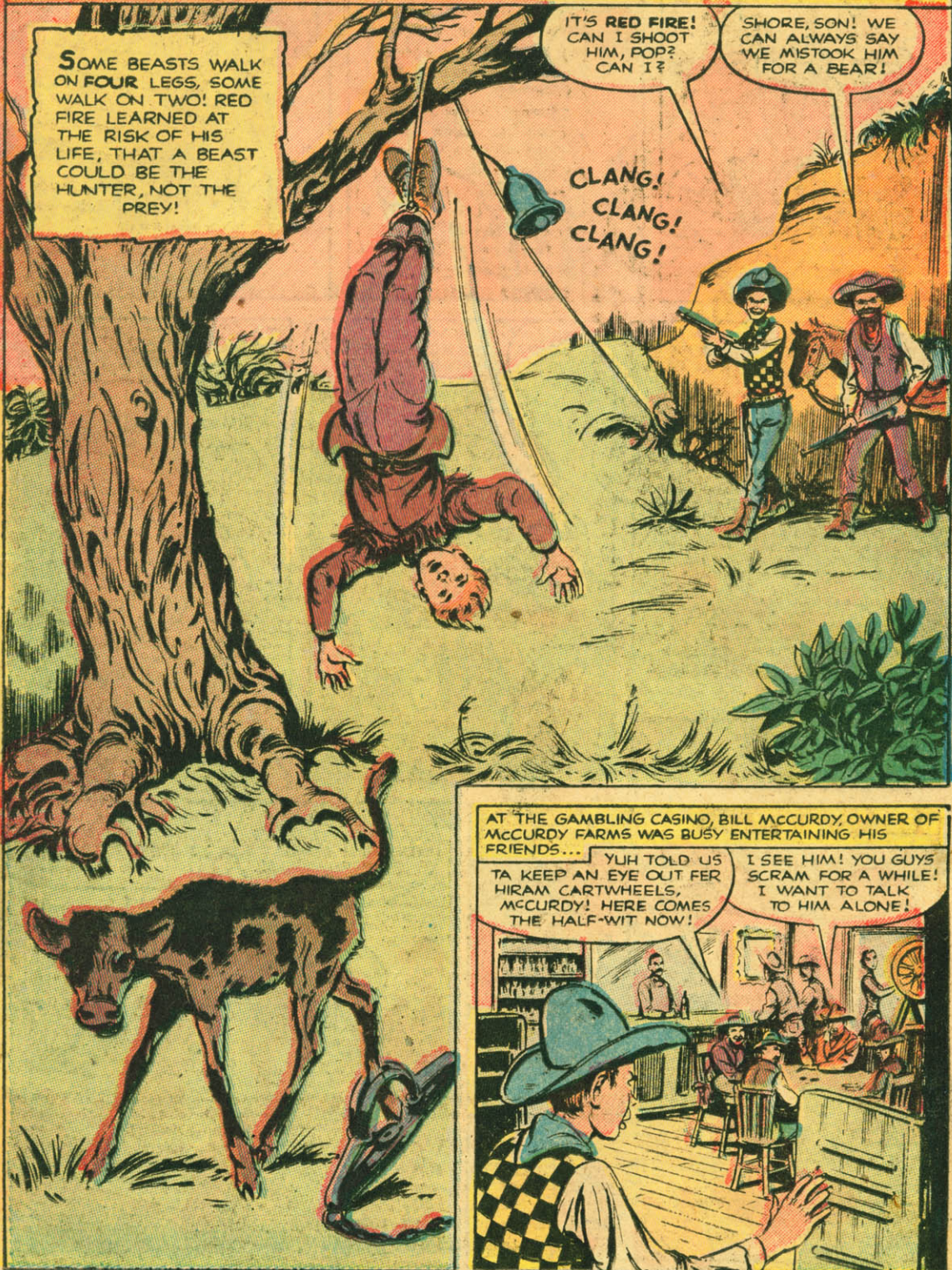
in "TRAP OF EVIL"

SOME BEASTS WALK ON FOUR LEGS, SOME WALK ON TWO! RED FIRE LEARNED AT THE RISK OF HIS LIFE, THAT A BEAST COULD BE THE HUNTER, NOT THE PREY!

IT'S RED FIRE!  
CAN I SHOOT  
HIM, POP?  
CAN I?

SHORE, SON! WE  
CAN ALWAYS SAY  
WE MISTOOK HIM  
FOR A BEAR!

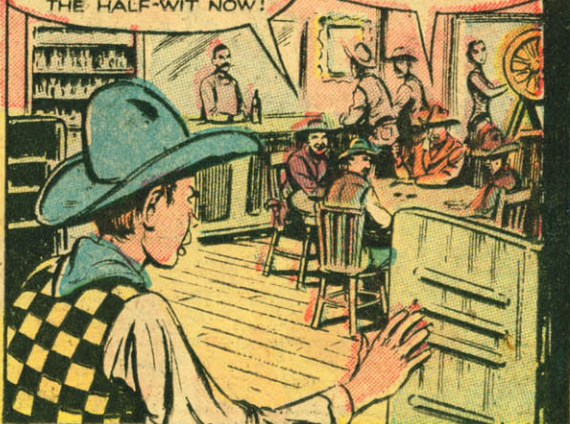
CLANG!  
CLANG!  
CLANG!



AT THE GAMBLING CASINO, BILL MCCURDY, OWNER OF MCCURDY FARMS WAS BUSY ENTERTAINING HIS FRIENDS...

YUH TOLD US  
TA KEEP AN EYE OUT FER  
HIRAM CARTWHEELS,  
MCCURDY! HERE COMES  
THE HALF-WIT NOW!

I SEE HIM! YOU GUYS  
SCRAM FOR A WHILE!  
I WANT TO TALK  
TO HIM ALONE!







EVENIN', MR. MCCURDY! I'VE COME FER MY MONEY!

LET'S GET IT OVER WITH, HIRAM! I OWE FORTY DOLLARS! HERE IT IS!



NO, MR. MCCURDY! YOU OWE ME FIFTY!

ARE YOU CALLIN' ME A LIAR? I SAID FORTY! TAKE YOUR MONEY AND, SHUT UP ABOUT IT! YOU'RE LUCKY TO GET PAID OFF AT ALL!



JUST AS YUH SAY, MR. MCCURDY! DO YUH WANT MORE?

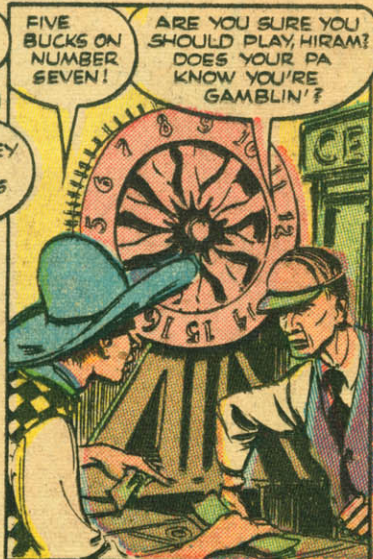
NATURALLY-- NOW TAKE OFF! I GOT A CARD GAME GOIN' HERE! C'MON, BOYS, LET'S CONTINUE!



SO YOU'RE DOIN' BUSINESS WITH THE VILLAGE IDIOT! I'M SURPRISED AT YUH MCCURDY! THAT'S LIKE TAKIN' CANDY FROM A BABY!

MONEY IS MONEY--FROM A BABY, IDIOT, OR WISEACRE LIKE YOU! SIT DOWN AN' PLAY!

HMM! THAT MONEY WON'T STICK TO HIRAM LONG! HE'S GOT THE GAMBLIN' ITCH!



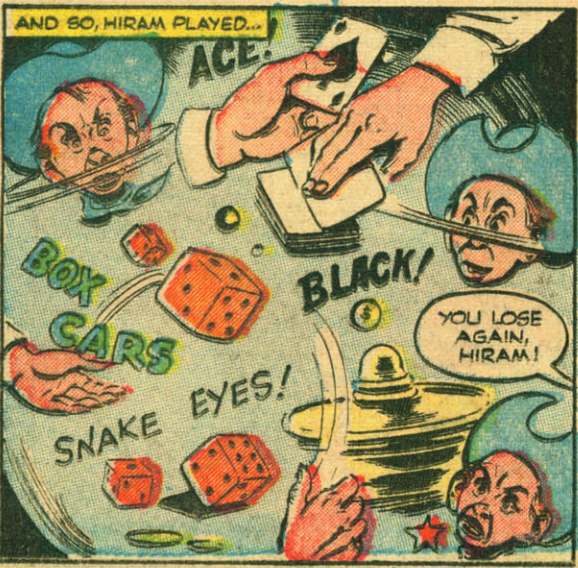
FIVE BUCKS ON NUMBER SEVEN!

ARE YOU SURE YOU SHOULD PLAY, HIRAM? DOES YOUR PA KNOW YOU'RE GAMBLIN'?



IT AIN'T NONE OF HIS BUSINESS NOR YOURS, EITHER! GO AHEAD-- SPIN THE WHEEL!

SUIT YOURSELF, HIRAM! IT'S YOUR MONEY!



AND SO, HIRAM PLAYED...

ACE!

BOX CARS

BLACK!

YOU LOSE AGAIN, HIRAM!

SNAKE EYES!



I...I'LL BE BACK WHEN I GET MORE DOUGH! SOME DAY I'LL CLEAN YUH OUT!

SURE YA WILL, HIRAM! HERE'S A BUCK! BUY YOURSELF DRINKS ON THE HOUSE!





AND AS HIRAM GAMBLED—SO HE DRANK—RECKLESSLY!

S...SOME DAY I'LL HAVE MONEY TO BURN...HIC!:

THEY'LL ALL BE SCARED OF ME! LOOK OUT, THEY'LL SAY... THERE GOES HIRAM CARTWHEELS!

THEY'LL SAY STEER CLEAR OF HIRAM! HE'S T...TOUGH! HE'S...HIC!:



TH...THEY WON'T LAUGH AT ME NO MORE...I'LL BASH THEIR TEETH IN...HIC: I'LL BLOW THEIR INSIDE OUT! HIC: I'LL BE THE TOUGHEST GUN-SLINGER IN COUNTY SOMEDAY!

WELL SAID

LATER THAT NIGHT, AT CARTWHEELS' TRAPPER'S RANCH...



WAKE UP, YUH LAZY DRUNK! YUH BEEN BOOZIN' AGIN! WHAT'D YUH USE FER DOUGH? OUT WIT IT!

ERR...I RAN AN ERRAND FER MR. ACCURDY, PA! AN' HE GAVE ME A BUCK!



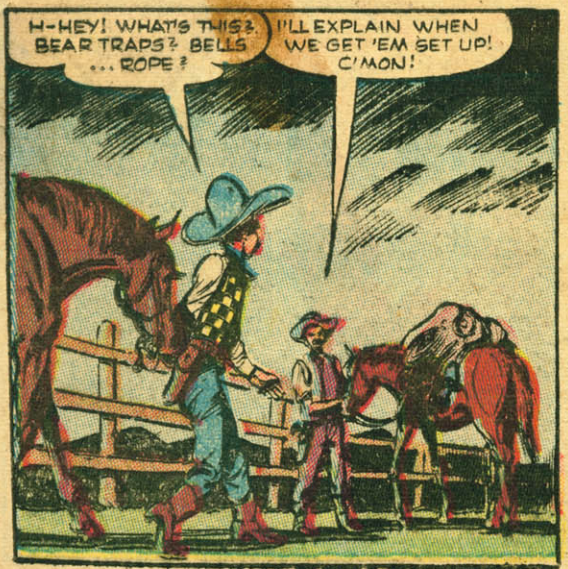
SO YUH BOOZED IT UP! GIT OUT, YUH CROWBAIT! YUH GOOD-FOR-NUTHIN'! YOU'RE GONNA SET SOME TRAPS WIT ME! NEW TRAPS!

OWWWW!



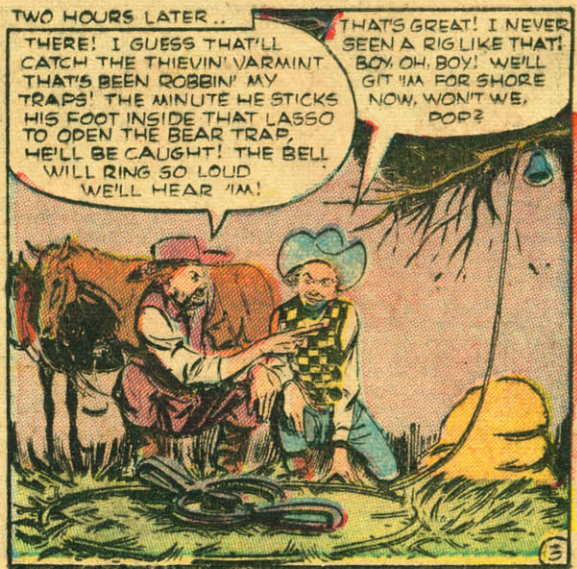
TRAPS THAT'LL CATCH MORE'N ANIMALS! TRAPS THAT CATCHES THIEVES! GIT YORE CLOTHES ON, AN' MEET ME AT THE CORRAL!

YES, PA!



H-HEY! WHAT'S THIS? BEAR TRAPS? BELLS ... ROPE?

I'LL EXPLAIN WHEN WE GET 'EM SET UP! C'MON!



TWO HOURS LATER...

THERE! I GUESS THAT'LL CATCH THE THIEVIN' VARMIN'T THAT'S BEEN ROBBIN' MY TRAPS! THE MINUTE HE STICKS HIS FOOT INSIDE THAT LASSO TO OPEN THE BEAR TRAP, HE'LL BE CAUGHT! THE BELL WILL RING SO LOUD WE'LL HEAR 'IM!

THAT'S GREAT! I NEVER SEEN A RIG LIKE THAT! BOY OH, BOY! WE'LL GIT 'IM FOR SHORE NOW, WON'T WE, DOP?

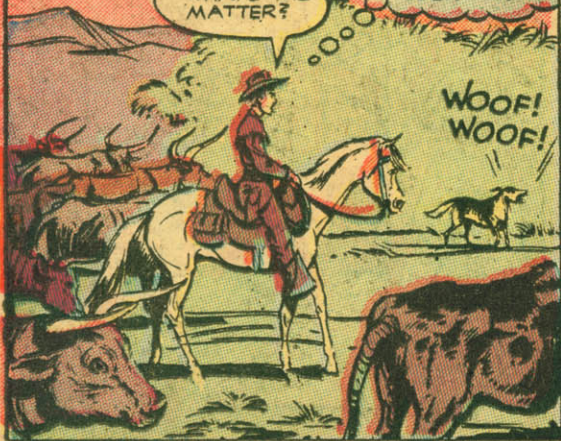


SHORTLY AFTER, AS RED FIRE TENDS CATTLE ON THE ACCURDY RANCH...

SOMETHING'S BOTHERIN' PATCHES!  
WHAT IS IT, BOY?  
WHAT'S THE MATTER?

MAYBE ONE OF THE STOCK HAS STRAYED! I'LL COUNT 'EM!

WOOF!  
WOOF!



PATCHES IS RIGHT! ONE OF THE CALVES IS MISSING! SHE'S PROBABLY IN THE WOODS!

PATCHES! WATCH THE HERD! I'LL BE RIGHT BACK!



THERE SHE IS... IN THAT THICKET!

MOOO  
MOOOO!



GASP! SHE'S CAUGHT IN A BEAR TRAP! SETTING A BEAR TRAP IS CRIMINAL! THERE ARE NO BEARS AROUND HERE!



POOR THING! ITS LEG'S BROKEN! WAIT'LL I GET MY HANDS ON THE SKUNK WHO SET THIS TRA...



H-HEY!

OOHUMMF!



Y-YEOW!

CLANG!  
CLANG!





BLACK DIAMOND WESTERN

MEANWHILE, A SHORT DISTANCE AWAY...



CLANG!  
CLANG!  
CLANG!

THE TRAP WORKED SOONER THAN I EXPECTED! COME ON—LET'S GO!!

P...PA!  
THE BELLS!



WELL IF IT AIN'T RED FIRE WHO'D GUESS IT WAS HIM THIEVIN' YOUR TRAPS! HE ALWAYS ACTS LIKE AN ALL-FIRED ANGEL!

I RECKON RED FIRE'S CLOSER TO BEIN' A "ANGEL" NOW THAN HE'S EVER BEEN!



YUH MEAN PA...I CAN SHOOT HIM? GASP! CAN I SHOOT HIM, POP, CAN I?

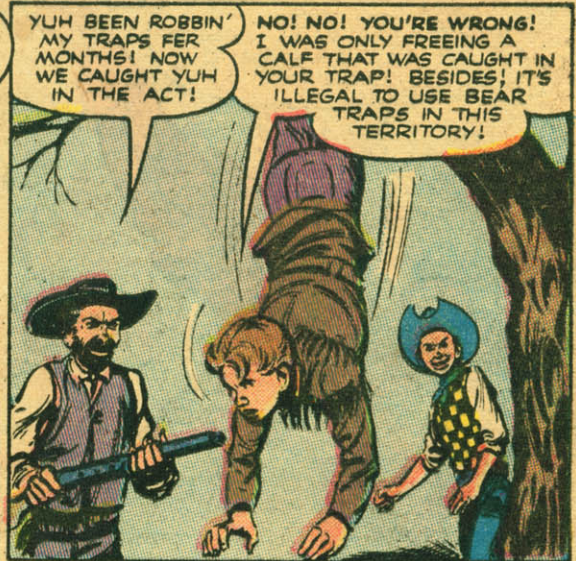
SURE! WE CAUGHT HIM RED-HANDED! HE WAS STEALIN' OUR PROPERTY, WEREN'T HE?



WAIT! Y'BETTER NOT PLUG 'IM! RED FIRE'S TOO FRIENDLY WITH THE SHERIFF IN COUNTY CENTER! YOU'LL DO BETTER'N THAT, HIRAM! BEAT 'IM UP GOOD! KNOCK HIS TEETH OUT! HE CAN'T HIT BACK!

HEH, HEH! I'LL LET HIM HAVE IT GOOD!

WAIT A MINUTE! WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT?



YUH BEEN ROBBIN' MY TRAPS FER MONTHS! NOW WE CAUGHT YUH IN THE ACT!

NO! NO! YOU'RE WRONG! I WAS ONLY FREEING A CALF THAT WAS CAUGHT IN YOUR TRAP! BESIDES, IT'S ILLEGAL TO USE BEAR TRAPS IN THIS TERRITORY!



IT'S ALSO ILLEGAL TO HIT A HOMBRE WHO CAN'T HIT BACK, BUT THAT AIN'T STOPPIN' ME! HEH! HEH!

OWWW!!

LAY IT ON, SON! GIVE IT TO HIM GOOD!

SOCK!

WHACK



THAT'S IT—BEAT 'IM TO A PULP! HE DESERVES IT!

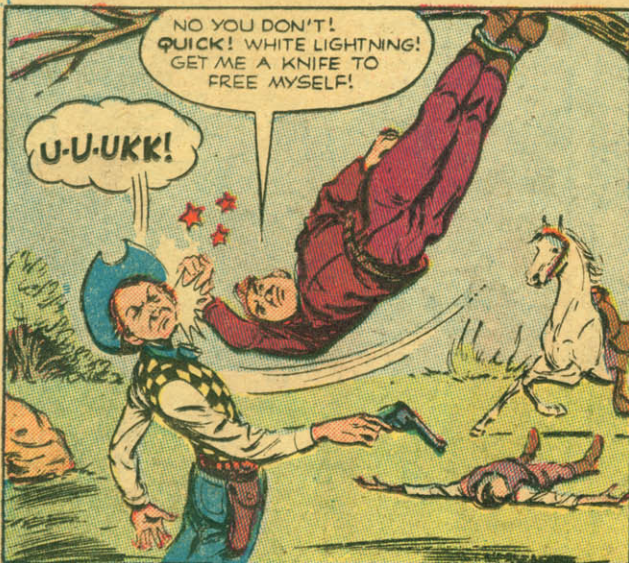
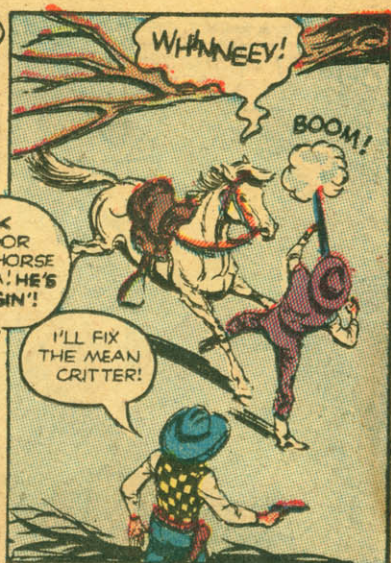
WHAT HAPPENED TO WHITE LIGHTNING? MAYBE HE CAN HELP GET ME OUT OF THIS!

IT'S A PLEASURE, POP!

TWEET



BLACK DIAMOND WESTERN



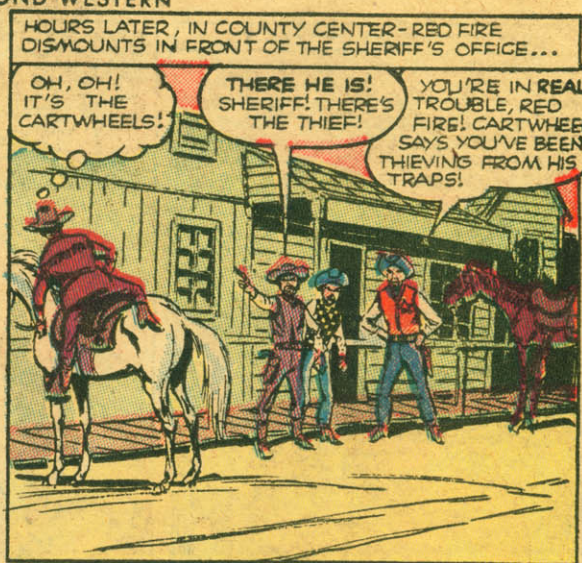


BLACK DIAMOND WESTERN



A LIKELY STORY! NOT ONLY WON'T YOU GET ANY WAGES - YOU'RE FIRED! IF YOU'RE NOT OFF THIS RANCH IN FIVE MINUTES, I'LL RUN YOU OFF!

YOU CAN FIRE ME BUT YOU CAN'T KEEP MY WAGES! YOU WON'T GET AWAY WITH IT, MR. MCCURDY!



OH, OH! IT'S THE CARTWHEELS!

THERE HE IS! SHERIFF! THERE'S THE THIEF!

YOU'RE IN REAL TROUBLE, RED FIRE! CARTWHEELS SAYS YOU'VE BEEN THIEVING FROM HIS TRAPS!



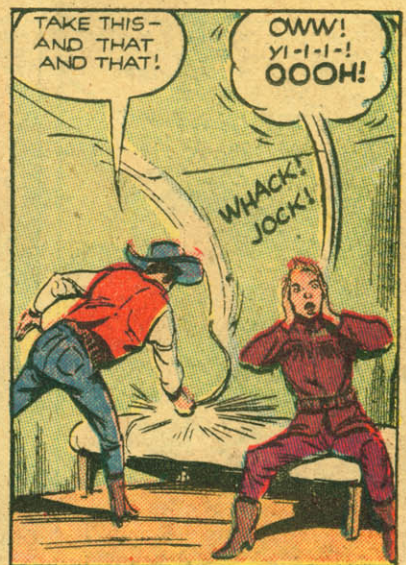
THEY'RE LIARS! IT'S THEY WHO SHOULD BE ARRESTED FOR USING ILLEGAL TRAPS!

NEVER MIND ABOUT THAT! YOU WERE CAUGHT RED-HANDED! NOW YOU'RE GOING TO GET IT!



OUCH! STOP! CRACK! SOCK! OWWWW!

THAT'S MUSIC TO MY EARS!



TAKE THIS - AND THAT AND THAT!

OWW! YI-I-I! OOOH!

WHACK! JOCK!



TEN MINUTES LATER...

SHERIFF! HAVE YOU GONE CRAZY? I HEAR PEOPLE SAYING YOU BEAT RED FIRE TO WITHIN AN INCH OF HIS LIFE!

STRICTLY A RUMOR, MARSHAL! HAVE A SANDWICH!



HMM! I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN YOU WOULDN'T DO ANYTHING LIKE THAT, SHERIFF! WHAT'S UP, ANYWAY?

CARTWHEELS AN' HIS LAME-BRAINED SON FRAMED RED FIRE ON A FUR-STEALING RAP! I SUGGEST YOU SEE MCCURDY AND GET HIS STORY!

YOU'LL GET NO PLACE WITH MCCURDY, MARSHAL!



AN HOUR LATER - AT MCCURDY'S RANCH...

IN MY BOOK THE KID'S GUILTY! CARTWHEELS CAUGHT HIM DEAD TO RIGHTS! AS FOR THE CALF - IT'S ALREADY BURIED!

SOMETHING DOESN'T SMELL RIGHT TO ME, MCCURDY, AN' I AIM TO FIND OUT WHAT IT IS!

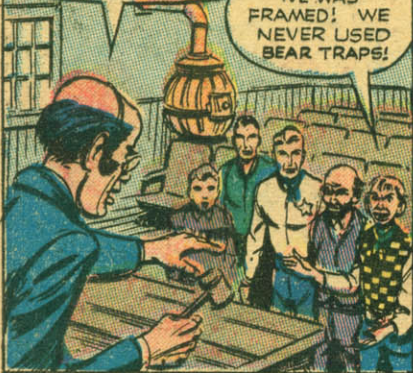


BLACK DIAMOND WESTERN

THE FOLLOWING DAY, IN COURT...

REDFIRE, THE COURT FINDS YOU GUILTY AS CHARGED—OF FUR STEALING! AS FOR YOU, CARTWHEELS, THE BEAR TRAPS THE MARSHAL BROUGHT IN PROVE YOU USED ILLEGAL TRAPS! THE COURT THEREFORE, FINES YOU FIFTY DOLLARS!

NO! NO! WE WAS FRAMED! WE NEVER USED BEAR TRAPS!



YOU'RE IMPLYING THAT THE COURT AND THE LAW OFFICERS ARE DISHONEST! \$25 MORE FOR CONTEMPT OF COURT!

OKAY! BUT I'LL GET EVEN WITH THAT TIN STAR!

QUIET, YOU IDIOT!



SHORTLY AFTER, OUTSIDE THE COURTHOUSE...

I SEE YOU MEANT WHAT YOU SAID!



NEXT TIME YOU PUT A SPUR UNDER MY HORSE'S SADDLE, I'LL TWIST YOUR NECK, NOT YOUR WRIST! DROP IT!

YAAA!



I'LL GET EVEN WITH HIM IF IT'S THE LAST THING I DO!

I'D BETTER KEEP AN EYE ON BIRD-BRAIN! HE'S AS DANGEROUS AS A RATTLESNAKE, AND TWICE AS IMPATIENT! HIRAM WON'T WAIT LONG TO STRIKE! HE MIGHT EVEN TRY SOMETHING TONIGHT!



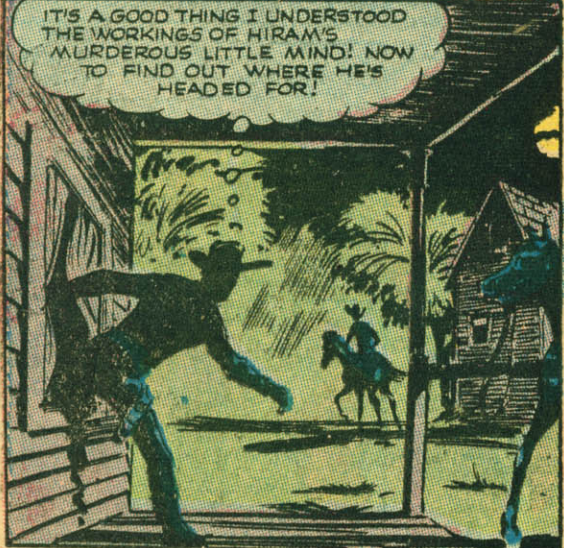
THAT NIGHT IN THE MARSHAL'S HOTEL ROOM...

I SAID I'D GET EVEN! THIS TAKES CARE OF THAT STUPID MARSHAL!

BANG! BANG!



IT'S A GOOD THING I UNDERSTOOD THE WORKINGS OF HIRAM'S MURDEROUS LITTLE MIND! NOW TO FIND OUT WHERE HE'S HEADED FOR!



LATER AT THE ACCURDY RANCH...

THE TRAPS WERE SET LAST NIGHT—THEY MUST BE FULL NOW! HOW ABOUT ME MAKIN' A SHIPMENT TONIGHT?

WHY NOT? YOU WANT MONEY, HIRAM—I WANT FURS, GO GET 'EM!

THIS IS REALLY BEGINNING TO MAKE SENSE! ACCURDY HELPED FRAME RED FIRE BECAUSE HE'S IN CAHOOTS WITH HIRAM!





BLACK DIAMOND WESTERN

SHORTLY AFTER, IN THE WOODS...

NOW THE PICTURE IS COMPLETE! HIRAM'S STEALING FROM HIS FATHER'S TRAPS AND SELLING THE FURS AT THE BARGAIN PRICE TO McCURDY!



NOW WE'LL SEE WHAT HAPPENS! THIS SHOULD BRING PA CARTWHEELS RUNNING!

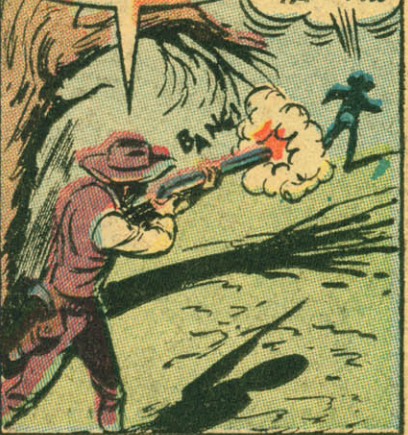


CLANG!  
CLANG!

MINUTES LATER...

THERE GOES ANOTHER THIEF! I'LL BLAST HIS HEAD OFF!

NO! NO! W..WAIT! IT'S ME, PA! YAAAA!!



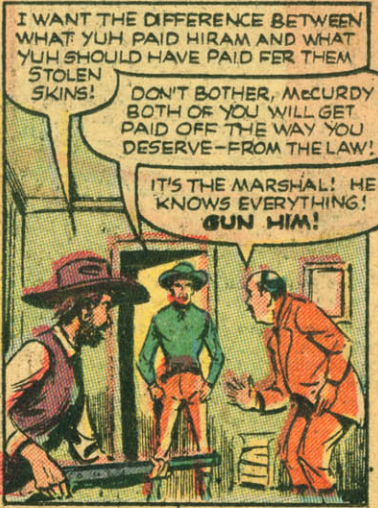
BANG!

H..HIRAM! SO IT WAS YOU WHO STOLE FROM MY TRAPS! YA THIEVIN' SKUNK! WHAT'D YUH DO WITH THE FUR?



I SOLD 'EM TO McCURDY! ;S08!; D..DON'T SHOOT ME, PA...PLEASE... DON'T SHOOT ME! I ..I GOTTA FIND DOC MEYERS! ;S08!; I'M WOUNDED!

A HALF HOUR LATER, AS HIRAM GOES TO THE DOCTOR...THE MARSHAL FOLLOWS CARTWHEELS TO McCURDY'S RANCH...



I WANT THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN WHAT YUH PAID HIRAM AND WHAT YUH SHOULD HAVE PAID FER THEM STOLEN SKINS!

DON'T BOTHER, McCURDY BOTH OF YOU WILL GET PAID OFF THE WAY YOU DESERVE--FROM THE LAW!

IT'S THE MARSHAL! HE KNOWS EVERYTHING! GUN HIM!

RESISTING ARREST, EH? GOOD! THAT'LL MAKE YOUR SENTENCE LONGER!



OOOFF!

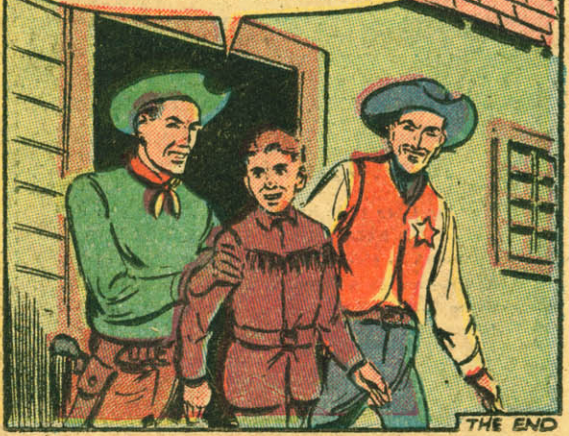
SPLAT!

THE FOLLOWING DAY, AT THE JAIL HOUSE...

TAKE A LAST LOOK AT 'EM, RED FIRE! YOU WON'T BE SEEING 'EM AROUND FOR QUITE A WHILE! McCURDY FOR BUYING STOLEN FURS... CARTWHEELS, FOR ATTEMPTED MURDER AND CONSPIRACY... HIRAM FOR ATTEMPTED MURDER AND THEFT!



YESSIR, RED FIRE! THE SHERIFF AND I KNEW YOU WEREN'T GUILTY, BUT THE WAYS OF THE LAW ARE SOME-TIMES SLOW! JUST REMEMBER, IN THE END IT'S ALWAYS THE GUILTY WHO ARE PUNISHED!



THE END

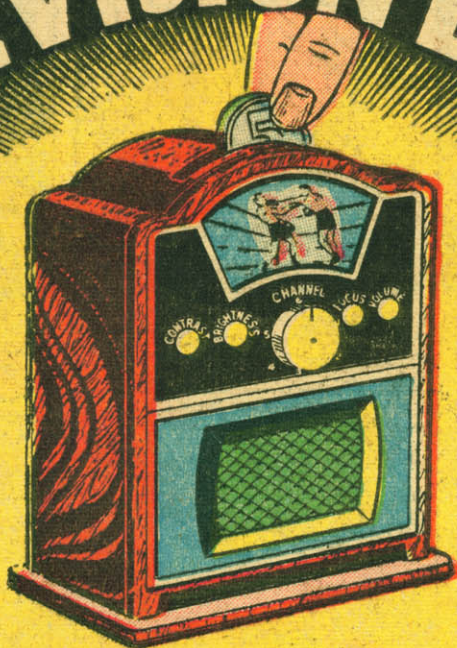


THE SHOW'S ON,  
GANG!

# New! Super-Duper! Simply Terrific! TELEVISION BANK

**LIGHTS UP!  
LIKE BIGGEST, COSTLIEST  
TELEVISION SETS!**

- SHOWS BRILLIANT PICTURES IN FULL COLOR!
- HITS EVERY TELEVISION HIGH . . . FIGHTS AND ALL!
- THRILLS YOU AND YOUR FRIENDS POP-EYED!
- AND . . . MAKES YOUR SAVINGS MOUNT UP FAST!



ALL-STEEL CONSTRUCTION

**ONLY  
\$1.98**

COMPLETE WITH  
BATTERY AND BULB!

Nobody ever before set their excited eyes on anything so terrific as this amazing new Television Bank! Your whole gang will be begging you for a look at this new midget wonder!

**LIGHTS UP THE MINUTE YOU DROP COIN!** Just click a penny, nickel, dime or quarter into top slot. Instantly your grand new Television Bank lights up—in a big, BIG way! In a split second, the screen leaps into dazzling life!

**AND WOW! WHAT A PICTURE!** Whether you go for "zowie" shows (fights and such) or want a dream dance-team or peppy cartoon, you've got them—and MORE—right on this miracle Television Bank! What's more, shining convex lens over screen

gives you the brightest, clearest, pictures yet!

**TURN OF KNOB SHOWS NEXT EXCITING PICTURE!** When you've looked your admiring fill at one picture, just turn center knob for next thrill-packed "show." Light goes out, automatically as new picture appears! To light new picture, bank another coin. No less than SIX exciting pictures in all— a fight, dramatic dance team, tense rodeo scene, hilarious cartoon, swell figure skater and circus clown with his trick dog!

**PUTS YOU "IN THE MONEY" — AND FAST!** Your savings pile up PLENTY FAST—and with this marvelous new Television Bank! None of your friends, relatives or chance visitors can resist depositing enough to see the

complete show! And with SIX wonderful pictures to see — you bank REAL MONEY just for letting them look!

**IT'S A MONEY — IN EVERY DETAIL!** You'll be the envy of all your friends with grand new Television Bank! A console model, it's an exact miniature of the most expensive sets. Complete even to the handsomely painted-on speaker grille and dials. All metal ruggedly built bank, 4 3/4" x 4", has smart mahogany finish. Automatic screen light powered by efficient, replaceable battery. GUARANTEED TO DELIGHT YOU. Bank comes complete with bulb, battery and strong key for opening and emptying out your wealth of savings.

**BE THE FIRST IN YOUR CROWD TO HAVE THIS WONDERFUL  
NEW TELEVISION BANK! SEND NO MONEY! ORDER YOURS TODAY!**

**NEWEST DECORATOR'S NOTE  
TO ALL DOLL HOUSE OWNERS!**

Nothing is so truly luxurious for the modern doll house! This beautiful new Television Bank is the last work in elegance—matches all styles of furniture—makes a stunning addition to your dolls' living room! You'll love it, and so will all your friends!

SEAGEE CO., 2 Allen St., Dept. 10DB, New York 2, N. Y.

SEAGEE CO., Dept. 10DB,  
2 Allen Street, New York 2, N. Y.

Please rush me my TELEVISION BANK. I agree to pay postman \$1.98 plus few cents postage with understanding that if I am not delighted I may return bank in 5 days for full refund of purchase price.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
(Please Print Plainly)

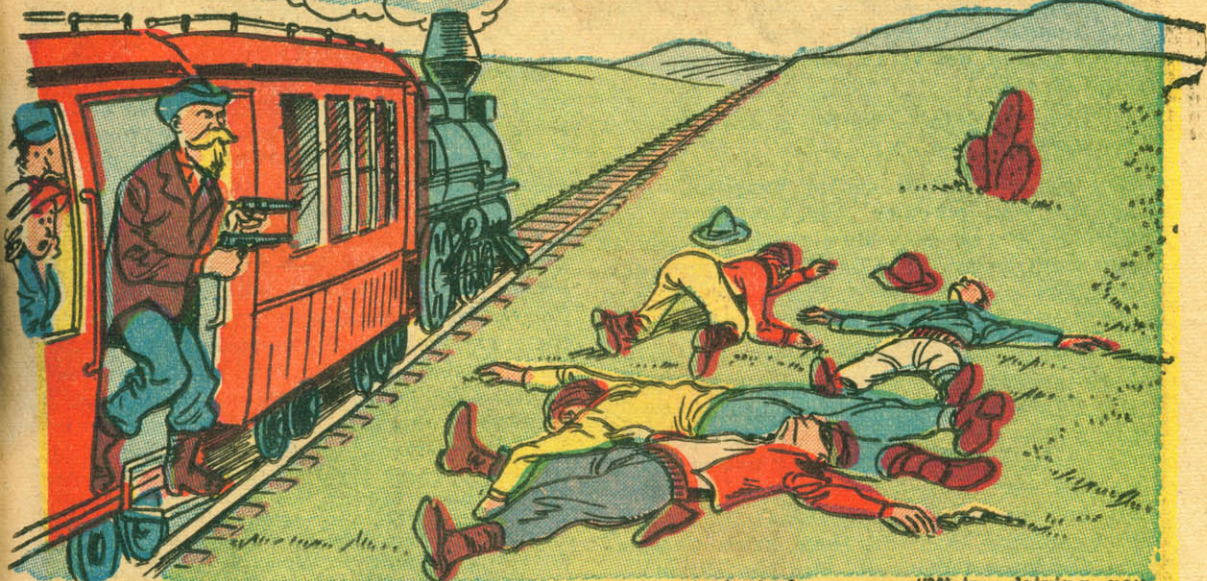
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City \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

I enclose \$2.00. You pay postage. Same money-back guarantee.



# "For Old Time's Sake"



Charlie Austin scowled at his daughter. "Eva," he said, "Not you nor nobody else is goin' to take me to California. Forty years ago I rode clear across the border of that state chasin' Blackjack Thorne 'fore I ketched up with 'im. I made it easy enough then by myself, and I reckon I can make it now!"

"You were a lot younger then, Dad," Eva protested. Charlie shot her an angry glance, and Eva was sorry she brought up the question of age. She knew how her father resented being called old.

"Thunderation!" Charlie roared. "There you go again! Seventy two ain't old — not for a Texan! Mebbe I ain't exac'ly in my prime, but I can handle myself as good as I did when I was!" In his prime Charlie Austin, then a sheriff, had bested some of the West's most notorious outlaws. Eva sighed and said no more — that is, not until the old man took his gunbelt down from a peg in his room, checked the chambers of his Colt .44, and finding it fully loaded thrust it back into the holster with a grunt of satisfaction. He strapped the gunbelt about his waist.

"Chuck!" Eva cried; and because of the urgent note in her voice her brother hurried into the room. "Chuck, Dad's taking his gun!"

Chuck turned to his father, but before he could say anything Charlie thrust his jaw out belligerently, as if daring Chuck to complain about him toting the sixgun. Chuck didn't open his mouth; he just looked helplessly at Eva and shrugged. The old sheriff's eyes twinkled; he could be cantankerous, he knew it, and he liked being that way. Fifteen minutes later Charlie Austin was packed and ready to leave the house. Chuck reached for his father's suitcases; Charlie drew them back and frowned at his son and daughter.

"You two goin' somewhere?" he demanded.

Chuck looked uneasy. "We're driving you to the station, Dad . . . I—er—I shipped Fire to the train on a truck. Figured you wouldn't be wanting to ride him all the way over . . ."

Charlie stomped out of the house, muttering something about "danged busybodies", climbed into the rear of the family car and allowed himself to be driven to the station at San Antonio. He was in a better mood before he boarded the train. He looked in at Fire; the chestnut pony had a section of a cattle car for himself, and was contentedly eating hay. Fire pawed the floor as a sign that he recognized Charlie, and the latter broke into a broad grin. It always made him happy to see his pony.

There were the memories, too. It made him happy to think back to the old days. He was remembering how it was the time he captured Jack McCall, the cowardly killer, who shot Wild Bill Hickok in the back. McCall had been desperate — if caught he'd hang — and like as not he'd have shot from ambush. Charlie had known that, but he went after the killer anyhow. There had been blazing guns, and when the smoke had cleared Jack McCall was sprawled on the ground — Yes, those were the days of quick death, of hard riding and fast shooting. Not like nowadays, Charlie mused. Only nineteen years since the turn of the century, and the country's gone soft. His own son driving a car; horses vanishing from the towns all too quickly. And here he was, on his way to Hollywood to give his advice in the making of a western movie. Ha! That's where the fighting's done now, Charlie reflected — on the movie screen!

And Charlie Austin looked forward to seeing his friends on the way; that's why he took the slow train west. It would stop to unload freight and mail at some of the larger towns, and he could visit some of his old cronies and talk about the better days. There was a stop at Amarillo, and Charlie had an hour to look up Matt Murdock. Matt had



been a rough customer back then, but Sheriff Charlie had tamed him; and when Matt got out of jail he and the sheriff had become good friends. But now when Charlie found Matt it was disappointing. Matt was behind the counter of a butcher shop — wrinkling, balding, and not at all the rip roaring bad-man of old.

"Drat it, Matt," Charlie growled, "you've let yourself grow old!"

"I am old," Matt smiled wearily. "—And so are you, whether you like it or not. Trouble is you been livin' with yourself so you can't notice how you change every day. But take my word fer it, Charlie — you look every bit of your seventy-five years!"

"Seventy-two!" snapped Charlie. He hurried back to the train without having talked about the old days at all. And that's how it was all along the way: Those old friends were all disappointing; Charlie had remembered them as they were in their prime; time had moved on, but his memory had stood still, and he had pictured them all these years as looking the same as they did way back when . . .

"Sorry I got off the train at all," he mused. For the first time in his life Charlie Austin really felt old. He slumped down in his train seat; his eyelids drooped, and soon he was asleep. He slept a good part of the way through Arizona. It was near the Arizona-California border that the train squealed to a sudden stop; Charlie was thrown forward in his seat. All he could do now was dream about old times — and even his dream was rudely interrupted by the jolting stop.

Charlie's hand went to the butt of his six-gun before he sheepishly realized that he had been dreaming. He noticed that other passengers were looking out of the windows, and decided to step outside, stretch his legs, and see what had stopped the train in the middle of nowhere.

The old man stepped down from the car, squinted in the glare of the brilliant sun; then, while waiting for his eyes to become accustomed to the light, removed his jacket. The day was a scorcher. Ahead of Charlie Austin was the first coach of the mixed train; in front of that a mail car, a baggage car, the tender and finally the locomotive. He strolled forward casually, and stopped near the end of the mail car.

Not more than fifteen feet in front of the locomotive Charlie could make out the wagon now; there was no horse — just an empty wagon on the tracks . . . at least it looked empty. But when the engineer, the fireman and a conductor, facing the wagon, threw their hands up Charlie instinctively reached for his gun again. Suddenly, the conductor made a break for it. Two masked men suddenly appeared in the wagon, as though they had grown out of the floor; they rose together, and one sent a quick shot after the conductor, ripping his hat from his

head. The conductor threw himself forward as Charlie whipped out his .44 and fired from the hip. His bullet shrieked over the conductor's head. The latter fell flat, crying out "TRAIN ROBBERS!" A thrill ran through Charlie at those words.

The bullet found its mark. The first of the train robbers dropped his gun, swayed, and there was a look of surprise on his face. Even before he fell Charlie Austin sent another slug, and the second bandit pitched forward and tumbled out of the wagon. The old time sheriff was about to thrust his six-gun back into his holster when the storm broke: the door of the mail car was open. Four other masked men leaped out, two of them carrying small canvas bags . . . gold! They started pitching lead at Charlie even before they hit the ground. Charlie could feel two of the shots rip by his head uncomfortably close; but he didn't move out of his tracks. Up came that .44 again; Charlie's big gnarled hand fanned the hammer four times in lightening like succession. When the smoke cleared the four bandits were sprawled in the dust in grotesque positions.

It all happened quicker than the time it takes to tell — so fast that nobody but the bandits had a chance to take a good look at the old man, and they wouldn't be talking any more. Charlie calmly blew the smoke out of the gunbarrel, reloaded, and strolled back to his car. Other passengers cautiously peered out past him to the pile of dead, would-be, train robbers.

"Lucky there weren't more than six of 'em," Charlie mused. He put on his jacket and buttoned it, so that his gunbelt was no longer visible. "—Else I'd have had to stop and reload!"

Ten minutes later the curious passengers re-boarded the train, speaking excitedly. There was a good deal of questioning as to who had killed the bandits, but nobody asked Charlie Austin. He was slumped down in his seat, hat over his face so nobody could see him smile. Naturally, nobody would expect an old man like that to be mixed up in a wild fracas anyhow. The train crew got the wagon off the tracks, buried the outlaws where they lay, and a half-hour later the train crossed the border into California.

Charlie Austin was quite a favorite around the movie lot. His pal movie actor Johnny Cleary, and all the others in cowboy garb, could listen to Charlie talk about Hickok, James, the Ketchum boys and Billy the Kid for hours at a time. He made them seem alive again.

"I'd sure like to have been livin' in those days," drawled cowboy film hero Cleary. "Nothin' happens these days to compare with them old Wild West adventures!"

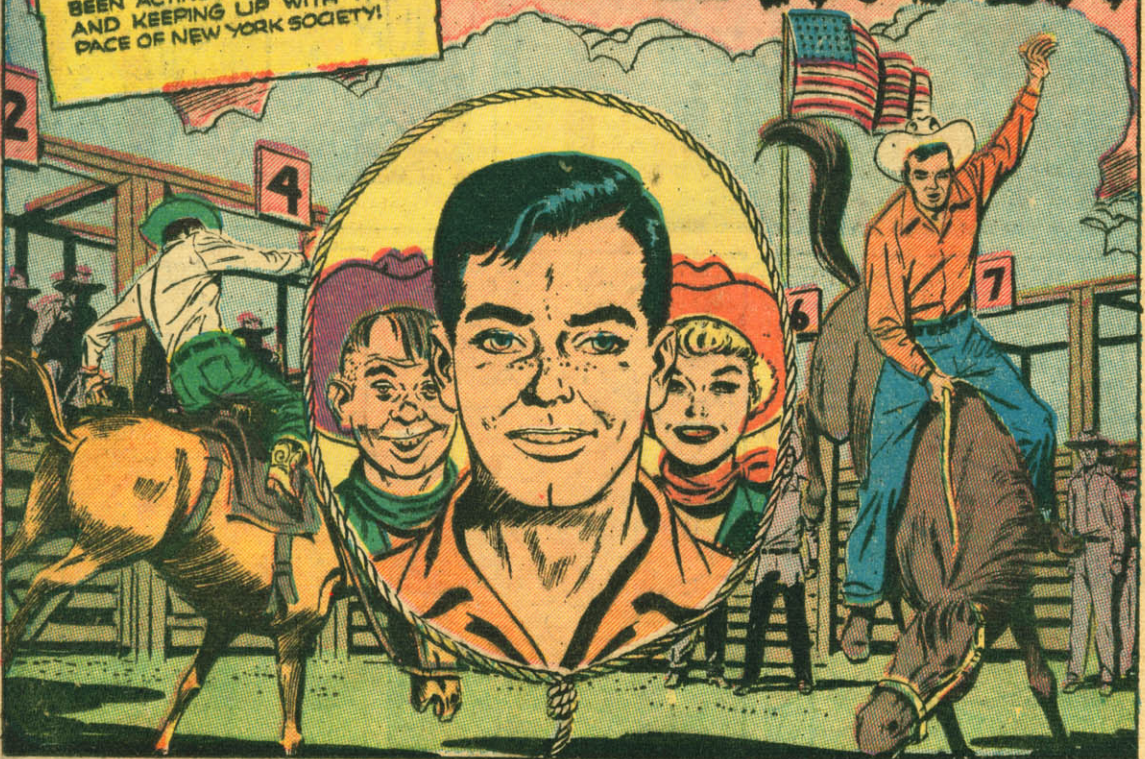
Charlie Austin grinned mysteriously. "I don't know about that," he said. "I reckon adventure can happen any time, anywhere, when you least expect it!"

THE END



# INTRODUCING BUCK ROPER

RODEO RIDING, WHILE COLORFUL AND EXCITING TO THE SPECTATOR, IS A HARD, HIGHLY SKILLED BUSINESS TO THE COWBOY, WHO MAKES HIS LIVING FROM THE PRIZE MONEY HE CAN WIN! MOST OF THESE MEN HAVE SPENT THEIR LIVES IN THE SADDLE, AND IT IS RARE WHEN AN OUTSIDER BREAKS INTO THEIR RANKS! IT IS EVEN RARER WHEN THE OUTSIDER IS AN EASTERNER...A MAN WHOSE HARDEST WORK HAS BEEN ACTING IN A FEW MOVIES AND KEEPING UP WITH THE PACE OF NEW YORK SOCIETY!



OUR STORY OPENS IN NEW YORK CITY, WHERE THE HILL RODEO IS IN TOWN FOR A FOUR WEEK STAND! THREE OF THE CONTESTANTS, DIXIE DALTON, HOTFOOT AND THE PROFESSOR ARE STROLLING TOWARD THE ARENA...



**YIPPEE! NEW YORK! MAN, I BEEN WAITIN' ALL YEAR FOR THIS TRIP!**

**YOU'D BETTER HOG-TIE SOME OF YOUR NATURAL INSTINCTS, HOTFOOT, OR THE LOCAL LAW'S GONNA LOCK YOU UP! YOUR BRAND OF HUMOR DOESN'T GO OVER IN THIS TOWN!**

**WELL, LET'S GET INSIDE AND GET ORGANIZED, PROFESSOR! WE OPEN IN HALF AN HOUR!**



**HAVE A SEAT, PROFESSOR! YOU LOOK ALL TUCKERED OUT!**

**I AM TIRED, HOT FOOT! THAT'S A FACT!**

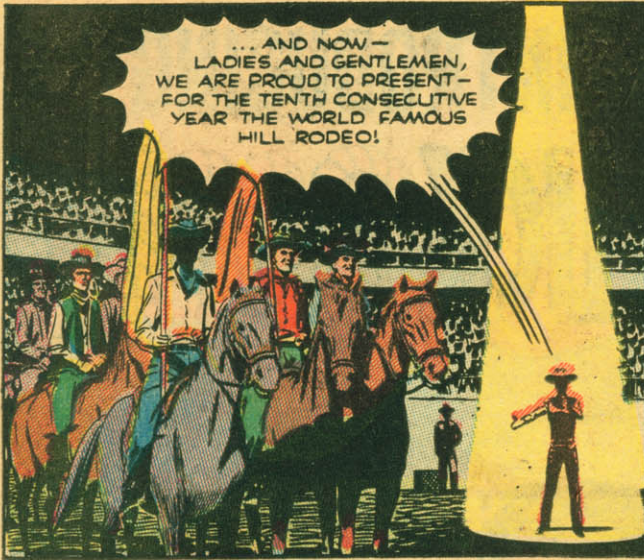


**HEY! I MIGHTA KNOWN YOU WERE PULLIN' SOMETHING!**

**HOW'S THAT, DIXIE? Y'SEE, I HAVEN'T LOST MY TOUCH!**

**IT'S NOT AT ALL FUNNY, HOT FOOT! C'MON, LET'S HURRY! THE SHOW'S ABOUT TO START!**





... AND NOW —  
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,  
WE ARE PROUD TO PRESENT —  
FOR THE TENTH CONSECUTIVE  
YEAR THE WORLD FAMOUS  
HILL RODEO!



LOOK AT THEM,  
BUCKLEY! AREN'T  
THEY MAGNIFICENT!  
THE WAY THEY SIT  
ON THEIR  
HORSES...

THEY'RE OKAY, I  
GUESS! BUT NOT  
LIKE WHEN I WAS  
IN HOLLYWOOD!



JUST BECAUSE  
YOU MADE A  
FEW MOVIES, YOU  
CERTAINLY CAN'T  
PUT YOURSELF  
IN THE SAME CLASS  
WITH THOSE MEN!  
YOU'RE NOT  
RUGGED  
ENOUGH!

I WISH YOU  
WOULDN'T  
TALK THAT  
WAY, CYNTHIA!  
YOU KNOW  
HOW I FEEL  
ABOUT  
YOU...



YOU'RE NOT A HE MAN AT ALL!  
I DON'T KNOW WHY I EVEN GO  
OUT WITH YOU!

CYNTHIA ...

BOY, THAT  
POOR SUCKER  
IS REALLY GETTIN'  
TOLD OFF!

LET THAT BE A  
LESSON TO YOU,  
HOT FOOT! STICK TO  
BUCKIN' BRONCOS!



THE NEXT MORNING IN MR. HILL'S  
OFFICE...

WE SURE HAD  
A GOOD CROWD  
LAST NIGHT, MR.  
HILL! IT LOOKS  
LIKE...

WHAT IN  
TARNATION?

YOU HEARD  
ME! I SAID  
I WANTA SEE  
MR. HILL!

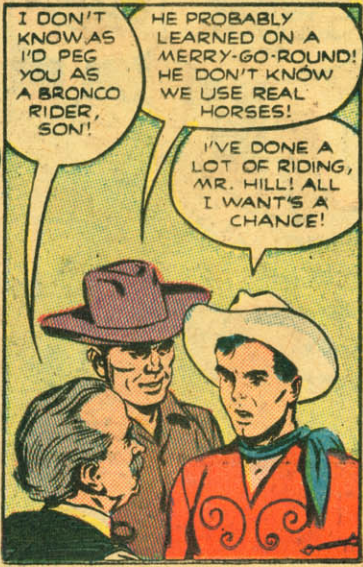
COOL OFF,  
YOU AIN'T  
GONNA SEE  
NOBODY!



WHO  
WANTS TO  
SEE  
ME?

THIS DUDE HERE  
WANTS TO BE A RODEO  
RIDER! I'M JUST  
SHOWIN' HIM THE  
GATE!

BUT I AM A  
GOOD RIDER,  
MR. HILL! LET  
ME SHOW YOU!



I DON'T  
KNOW AS  
I'D PEG  
YOU AS  
A BRONCO  
RIDER,  
SON!

HE PROBABLY  
LEARNED ON A  
MERRY-GO-ROUND!  
HE DON'T KNOW  
WE USE REAL  
HORSES!

I'VE DONE A  
LOT OF RIDING,  
MR. HILL! ALL  
I WANT'S A  
CHANCE!



WELL ...  
OKAY, SON!  
HEY, HOT  
FOOT, SADDLE  
UP LONE  
STAR!

I'VE SEEN THAT  
GUY SOMEPLACE  
BEFORE! I THINK  
IT WAS ON ONE  
OF THOSE POST-  
OFFICE NOTICES!  
I'D BETTER KEEP  
AN EYE ON HIM!



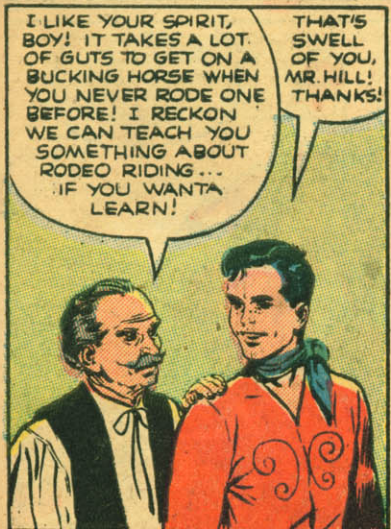


ALL SET!  
LET HER  
LOOSE!

YOU  
ASKED FER  
THIS! YOU'RE  
ON YOUR  
OWN NOW!

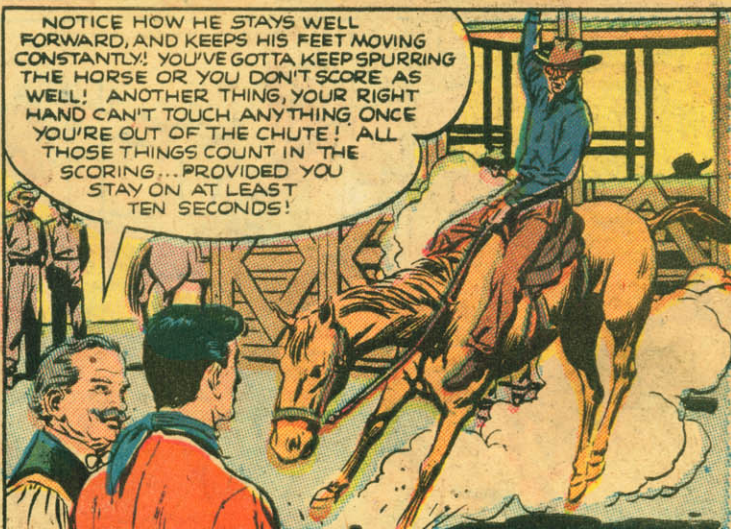


NOW WHAT WAS  
THIS ALL ABOUT,  
SON? YOU'RE NO  
RODEO RIDER!  
NO USE LYIN'  
ANY MORE! I  
WANTED TO  
IMPRESS MY  
GIRL—SHE THINKS  
COWBOYS ARE...  
AHH! WHAT'S  
THE USE!



I LIKE YOUR SPIRIT,  
BOY! IT TAKES A LOT  
OF GUTS TO GET ON A  
BUCKING HORSE WHEN  
YOU NEVER RODE ONE  
BEFORE! I RECKON  
WE CAN TEACH YOU  
SOMETHING ABOUT  
RODEO RIDING...  
IF YOU WANTA  
LEARN!

THAT'S  
SWELL  
OF YOU,  
MR. HILL!  
THANKS!



NOTICE HOW HE STAYS WELL  
FORWARD, AND KEEPS HIS FEET MOVING  
CONSTANTLY! YOU'VE GOTTA KEEP SPURRING  
THE HORSE OR YOU DON'T SCORE AS  
WELL! ANOTHER THING, YOUR RIGHT  
HAND CAN'T TOUCH ANYTHING ONCE  
YOU'RE OUT OF THE CHUTE! ALL  
THOSE THINGS COUNT IN THE  
SCORING... PROVIDED YOU  
STAY ON AT LEAST  
TEN SECONDS!

OVER THE NEXT TEN DAYS, FOR SEVERAL  
HOURS EACH MORNING, BUCKLEY WAS  
TRAINED BY EITHER CLAY HILL, HOT-  
FOOT, OR THE PROFESSOR...



YOU TRY AND HOG  
TIE THIS ONE, BOY!  
AN! DON'T WORRY  
ABOUT THE HORSE...  
HE KNOWS MORE ABOUT  
IT THAN YOU  
DO!

OKAY,  
PROFESSOR!



THIS IS IT, BOY!  
NOW GRAB ONE  
OF HIS HIND  
LEGS AND  
THROW HIM  
OVER!



I THINK  
I GOT  
HIM!

NOT TILL YOU'VE  
KNOTTED HIS LEGS!  
THE RECORDS ABOUT  
TEN SECONDS! SIX-  
TEEN SECONDS IS PRETTY  
GOOD! YOU'RE TWO AND  
A HALF MINUTES SO FAR!  
BUT DON'T WORRY!  
YOU'RE COMING  
ALONG!



BLACK DIAMOND WESTERN

HOW ABOUT TRYIN' THE STEERS TOMORROW!

YOU'VE GOT MORE COURAGE THAN SENSE, BOY! WOULDN'T LAST THREE SECONDS ON ONE OF THEM BRAHMAS!

YOU'D BETTER TRY TRICK RIDIN' AND ROPIN! YOU DON'T GET YOURSELF KILLED THAT WAY! I'LL TEACH YOU!

THAT'S WONDERFUL, DIXIE! BOY—WOULD CYNTHIA'S EYE'S WOULD POP IF SHE SAW ME DOING THAT!

OVER THE NEXT TWO WEEKS, BUCKLEY ASKED QUESTIONS, LEARNING ALL HE COULD...

I'M WHAT THEY CALL A CLOWN! I'M SUPPOSED TO MAKE 'EM LAUGH BETWEEN THE EVENTS!

HOW ABOUT YOU, PROFESSOR?

I'M JUST A BRONC RIDER, SON! I FOLLOW THE SHOW AROUND AND LIVE OFF THE PRIZE MONEY! I USTA TEACH SCHOOL!

THE TRAINING WENT ON...

THAT ROPER KID IS REALLY COMIN' ALONG!

NICE GOIN', BUCK! YOU GOT HIM IN EIGHT SECONDS!

A WEEK LATER...

BUCKLEY, HONEY, THE RODEO'S LEAVING TOWN TOMORROW NIGHT! WILL YOU BE A HONEY LAMB AND TAKE ME TONIGHT?

I'D ALMOST FORGOTTEN TOMORROW NIGHT! I'LL HAVE TO SEE MR. HILL RIGHT AWAY!

SURE, CYNTHIA!

I WOULDN'T ASK YOU THIS, MR. HILL, BUT IT'S REALLY IMPORTANT! I WANT TO COMPETE IN THE RODEO SO MY GIRL CAN SEE ME!

WELL, DON'T THAT HAND YOU A LAUGH! I M-A-G-I-N-E A PUNY LITTLE CITY PUNK LIKE YOU WANTIN' TO RIDE IN OUR SHOW! YOU'D BETTER STICK TO YOUR ROCKIN' HORSE, SONNY!

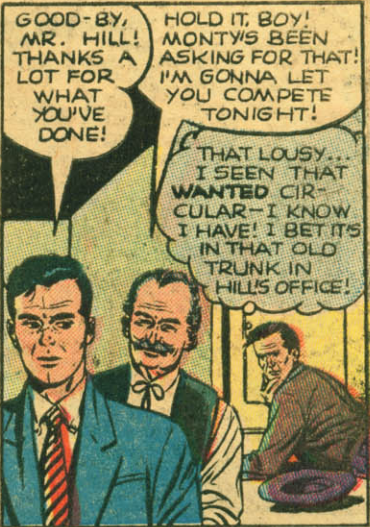
YOU'VE BEEN RIDIN' ME EVER SINCE THE FIRST DAY I CAME HERE! I'M GETTIN' SICK AN' TIRED OF IT! AN' I'M TELLING YOU TO STOP, UNDERSTAND!

GET YOUR CRUMMY HANDS OFF ME!





NO LOUSY DUDE'S GONNA TALK LIKE THAT TO ME!



GOOD-BY, MR. HILL! THANKS A LOT FOR WHAT YOU'VE DONE!

HOLD IT, BOY! MONTY'S BEEN ASKING FOR THAT! I'M GONNA LET YOU COMPETE TONIGHT!

THAT LOUSY... I SEEN THAT WANTED CIRCULAR-I KNOW I HAVE! I BET IT'S IN THAT OLD TRUNK IN HILL'S OFFICE!

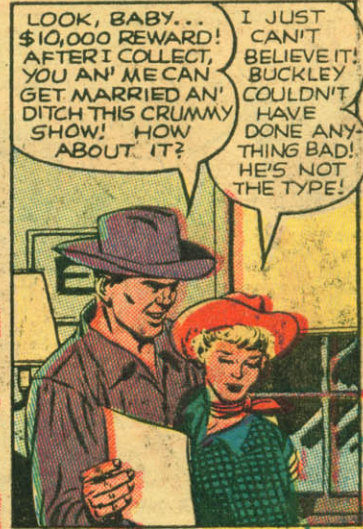


I NEVER SEEN SO MUCH JUNK...HEY! HERE IT IS!



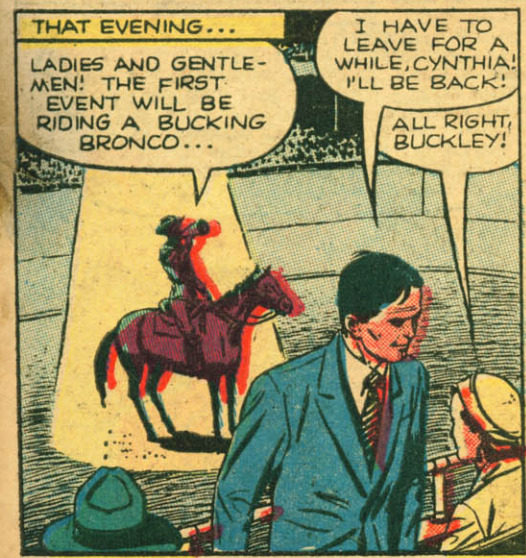
MR. HILL? M... MONTY!

COME IN, QUICK, AN' SHUT THE DOOR! I GOT SOMETHING HOT! THIS FELLA, BUCKLEY'S WANTED FOR MURDER!



LOOK, BABY... \$10,000 REWARD! AFTER I COLLECT, YOU AN' ME CAN GET MARRIED AN' DITCH THIS CRUMMY SHOW! HOW ABOUT IT?

I JUST CAN'T BELIEVE IT! BUCKLEY COULDN'T HAVE DONE ANYTHING BAD! HE'S NOT THE TYPE!



THAT EVENING... LADIES AND GENTLEMEN- THE FIRST EVENT WILL BE RIDING A BUCKING BRONCO...

I HAVE TO LEAVE FOR A WHILE, CYNTHIA! I'LL BE BACK!

ALL RIGHT, BUCKLEY!

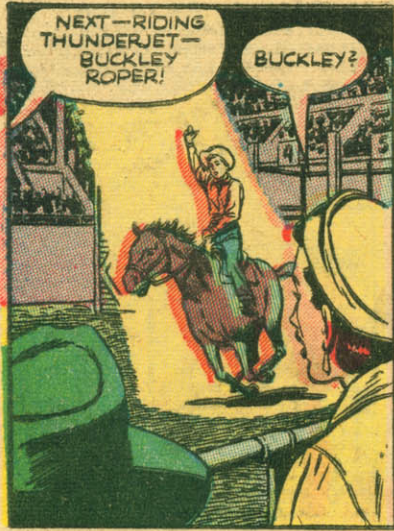


WHERE YOU BEEN, BUCKLEY? YOU'RE ON NEXT!

I'M ALL SET!



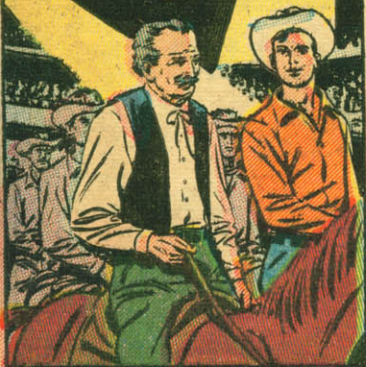
BLACK DIAMOND WESTERN





THAT OUGHTTA PUT YOU IN GOOD WITH YOUR GAL, SON!

YEAH...I GUESS MAYBE IT WILL! THANKS, MR. HILL!



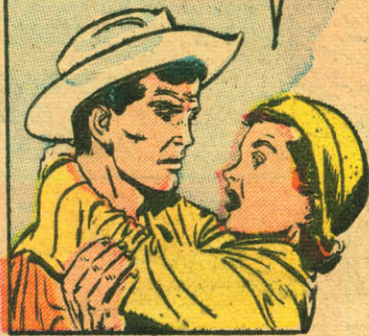
THE TROUBLE IS, MR. HILL, I'M NOT SURE THAT... CYNTHIA!

OH, BUCKLEY! YOU WERE WONDERFUL!



I GUESS I JUST LEARNED SOMETHING, CYNTHIA! I HAVEN'T CHANGED ANY, JUST BECAUSE I LEARNED A LITTLE SOMETHING ABOUT RID-DING! I'M STILL THE SAME GUY YOU USED TO PUSH AROUND!

BUCKLEY! WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO SAY?



YOU'RE SPOILED AND IMMATURE, CYNTHIA! YOU DON'T LOVE ME ANY MORE THAN YOU EVER DID! AND THE FEELING'S MUTUAL!

STOP! YOU'VE SAID TOO MUCH ALREADY! GOOD-BY!

NICE TALKIN', SONNY BOY! NOW TELL ME HOW YOU'RE GONNA TALK YOUR WAY OUTA THIS?



THERE'S A \$10,000 REWARD FOR YOU AND I'M TAKIN' YOU IN!

WHAT? OH, I SEE! I DIDN'T THINK THERE WERE ANY OF THESE POSTERS STILL AROUND! HA! HA!



I GUESS YOU DIDN'T READ IT ALL, MONTY! SEE HERE ON THE BOTTOM LINE...THIS IS AN ADVERTISING CIRCULAR PUT OUT BY PARAGON PICTURES! I MADE A MOVIE FOR THEM CALLED "WANTED \$10,000 REWARD" AND THIS WAS A PUBLICITY RELEASE!

A MOVIE?



LISTEN, BOY, HOW'D YOU LIKE A JOB... WITH THE RODEO? WE CAN USE A FELLA LIKE YOU AND I GOT A HUNCH YOU'RE GONNA DEVELOP INTO INTO A REAL RIDER! WHAT DO YOU SAY?

WHY...I..OKAY, MR. HILL! YOU'VE GOT YOURSELF A NEW HAND!

I'M REAL GLAD, SON! SAY, MIND IF I CALL YOU BUCK? BUCKLEY'S KIND OF A MOUTHFUL!

THAT'S FINE WITH ME!

YIPPEE!! WE'VE BEEN NEEDIN' ANOTHER MAN FER OUR QUARTET! GIT THE GUITAR, PROFESSOR!

EXIT



The End

WELL IT LOOKS LIKE AN EXCITING FUTURE FOR "BUCK" ROPER! WILL HE BE ABLE TO COPE WITH RUGGED RODEO LIFE? FOR PLENTY OF ACTION AND SLAM BANG SURPRISES. DON'T MISS THE NEXT ISSUE OF "BLACK DIAMOND WESTERN"!

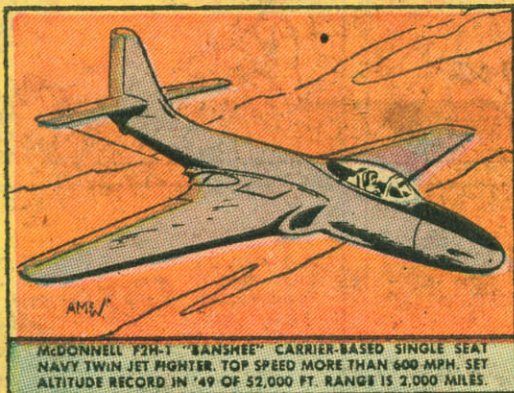




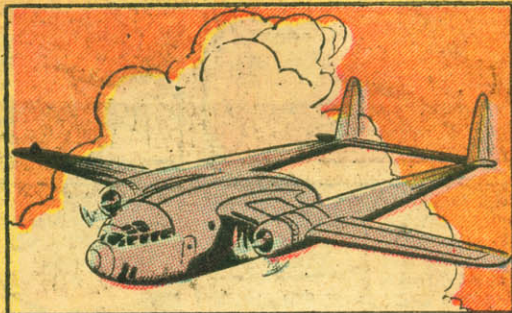
HEY! A NEW  
IDEA FOR YOUR  
CARD  
COLLECTION!

# NOW! AND EVERY MONTH, IN LEV GLEASON COMICS— THE FAMOUS LEV GLEASON TRADING CARDS

THIS SERIES IS FAMOUS FIGHTING PLANES. ADD THESE TO  
YOUR COLLECTION AND SEE INSTRUCTIONS BELOW FOR  
GETTING MORE CARDS.



McDONNELL F2H-1 "BANSHEE" CARRIER-BASED SINGLE SEAT  
NAVY TWIN JET FIGHTER. TOP SPEED MORE THAN 600 MPH. SET  
ALTITUDE RECORD IN '49 OF 52,000 FT. RANGE IS 2,000 MILES.



FAIRCHILD C-119 "PACKET" TRANSPORT, CARGO, PARATROOP  
PLANE USED BY ALL SERVICES. SPEED ABOUT 265 MPH. TWO  
PRATT-WHITNEY ENGINES. MAXIMUM LOAD 30,000 LBS. (AVER-  
AGE LOAD—9 TONS.)

CUT OUT THE TWO FIGHTING PLANES ABOVE. PASTE THEM ON ANY CARDBOARD—AND YOU HAVE  
REGULAR TRADING CARDS—THE KIND THAT LEV GLEASON COMICS HAVE MADE SO POPULAR. TRAD-  
ING CARDS ARE NOW PRINTED IN THE FOLLOWING LEV GLEASON COMICS: CRIME DOES NOT PAY,  
CRIME AND PUNISHMENT, BOY, DAREDEVIL AND BLACK DIAMOND WESTERN. LOOK FOR THESE MAG-  
AZINES ON THE NEWSSTANDS. BUY THEM. THEY WILL HAVE MORE OF THE FIGHTING PLANE SERIES  
—AND OTHERS.



## BIG-LEAGUE T-SHIRTS

**FELLAS!** Be the first in your crowd to wear one of these swell-elegant Terry-Cloth shirts of your favorite team. They're gleaming yellow, and right in the center in bright red and blue are two Big-League ball players in action. What a beauty!! Hurry, order yours now, as supplies are limited!!

<b>AMERICAN</b>	<b>NATIONAL</b>
New York Yankees	Brooklyn Dodgers
Cleveland Indians	New York Giants
Boston Red Sox	St. Louis Cardinals
Washington Senators	Philadelphia Phillies
Philadelphia Athletics	Chicago Cubs
Chicago White Sox	Boston Braves
St. Louis Browns	Cincinnati Reds
Detroit Tigers	Pittsburgh Pirates

Only  
**\$1.25 ea.**  
POSTPAID  
Sorry,  
No COD.

8-35 to 9	17-45 to 18
10-15 to 16	19-25 to 26
27-33 to 34	35-41 to 42
43-49 to 50	51-57 to 58
59-65 to 66	67-73 to 74
75-81 to 82	83-89 to 90
91-97 to 98	99-105 to 106

Mail To: TEE, Box 101, Post Office, Glen Ridge, N. J.



## A GIFT TO YOU

Without obligation—Gold Plated Pocket Statue of ST. CHRISTOPHER— with case—Also opportunity to obtain valuable premium. Send name and address to

DEPT. 10 The CASEY Co. Prov. 7, R.I.

## OLD COINS WANTED

We buy Indianhead pennies and all rare U. S. coins. Complete all-coin catalogue 20c. Magnacoins, Box 61-AA, Whitestone 57, N. Y.

## U. S. Classics—50 Yr. Old Collection

15 selected old-timers. Each 50 or more years old—Most of 'em missing in even the biggest collections! Get all 15 of these unusual classics for less than 1c each. All yours for just 10c! With your request for approvals.

JARO STAMP CO., Box 246-H, Church St. Annex, N. Y. 8



## STAMP COLLECTORS

FREE—Scott's International Album. Other big premiums. Full particulars with approvals. 3c postage please.

RATMAX, 70-C Nassau St., New York 38, N. Y.



# Could You Use \$1,000,000?

We'd like to hand you the million  
—but that's impossible—But your  
**HEALTH** is worth a million!  
And **WE CAN MAKE YOU  
HEALTHY!**



## LOSE UGLY FAT SUBSTITUTE MUSCLE!

BUILDS HEALTH FOR  
MEN — WOMEN — CHILDREN!

## ADD MUSCLE TO SKINNY FRAMES!



## Build Your Body & Health NOW!

WITH THIS FAMOUS

# HIP POCKET GYM

WEIGHS ONLY 1½ POUNDS!

### ★ AMAZING BUT TRUE!

Yes, HIP POCKET GYM helps **BOTH** skinny and stout people. Famous celebrities, people all over the world have been brought to thrilling **FULL BLOODED HEALTH** by this amazing exerciser.

### ★ THERE'S NO MAGIC — NO MIRACLE!

HIP POCKET GYM works by putting Nature on your team. Using scientific and medical principles, it helps the body to help itself by giving the body just the **right amount** of exercise it requires! HIP POCKET GYM **automatically adjusts to your strength and ability!** You do not have to be Mr. America — even children can use it! A few minutes a day may lengthen your life and give you the power to **BE A MAN AMONG MEN!**

### ★ SO SIMPLE! SO EASY! No nailing on walls—No crawling on floors! No swinging from ceilings—no lengthy correspondence courses! A few minutes a day in a **lazy man's** easy ride you of that run-down, tired feeling — gives you the **PEP and FORCE of PERSONALITY** to forge ahead to SUCCESS!

### ★ RECOMMENDED BY OVER A HALF MILLION PEOPLE! The HIP POCKET Method of Body Building has been so successful that a vast loyal multitude of hundreds of thousands of users has been built during the past 25 years by word of mouth and recommendation **WITHOUT ONE WORD OF ADVERTISING!**

### ★ BUILDS HEALTH IN VETERANS' HOSPITALS HIP POCKET GYM is used by physiotherapists in Veteran's Hospitals to rebuild health and vigor in our wounded and injured men.

### ★ SCIENTIFICALLY CONSTRUCTED HIP POCKET GYM is made of pure, natural rubber that **actually improves with age!** Each Gym features a scientifically moulded, single piece resistance rubber that exercises the muscles gently, gradually and firmly—preventing over-straining. HIP POCKET GYM is so light and compact, you can take it anywhere!

**5 DAY MONEY BACK GUARANTEE!**

FIRST TIME  
SPECIAL-OFFER

ONLY **3 95** POSTPAID

Sold  
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**FREE** with every HIP POCKET GYM you get FREE a complete set of Health and Strength Exercises!

MAIL COUPON TODAY

MAJOR LEAGUE SUPPLIERS,

Dept. LG4, 160 Greene St., New York 12, N. Y.

Please send ..... HIP POCKET GYMS @ \$3.95 each. PLUS FREE

set of Health and Strength Exercises. Total amount enclosed \$.....

Check  Money Order  C.O.D.  (\$1.00 deposit must be sent

with C.O.D. orders.) To Save Handling and Postal Charges Send Check or Money Order.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

CITY..... ZONE..... STATE.....

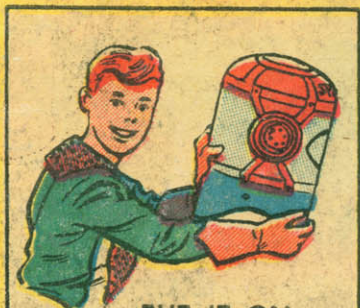
If I am not satisfied for any reason whatsoever, I may return the Hip Pocket Gym within 5 days for full refund!

MAJOR LEAGUE SUPPLIERS 160 GREENE STREET  
NEW YORK 12, N. Y.

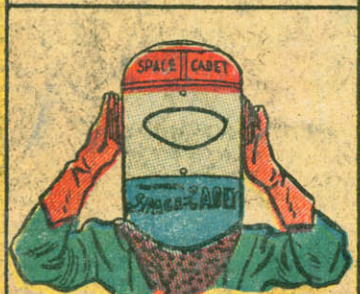


SENSATIONAL! STARTLING! NEW!

# "INVISIBLE HELMET"



PUT IT ON . . .

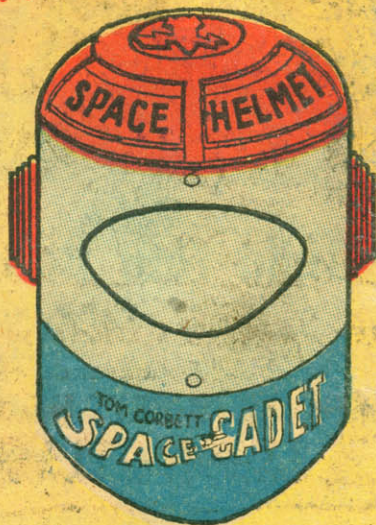


NOW — YOU SEE  
PEOPLE — THEY  
CAN'T SEE YOU!

You've GOT to own this! It works like magic! Put on this helmet and nobody can see your face. But you can see everything.

This is a sensational discovery — as new as the Hydrogen Bomb — as exciting as a ride through space — as thrilling an experience as you will ever have!

Helmet is light, unbreakable. You'll say it's miraculous—and it's only \$1.98 sent right to your home postpaid! SPECIAL! Two helmets for \$3.75.



## TOM CORBETT SPACE CADET COSMIC VISION HELMET

No one will be able to recognize you when you wear this official space helmet, but you can see them because this helmet has the new mysterious cosmic vision.

Everybody will want one of these helmets and no wonder. Think what you can do with it! Think of how you can fool your friends! Think of how you can put it on and not be recognized and yet how you can see everybody else and what they are doing. If you order now you can get your helmet right away and

**BE FIRST IN YOUR NEIGHBORHOOD** to wear it. You will be envied by everyone and you will be having all the fun. Order immediately for quick delivery.

**EMPIRE MDSG. CO., Dept. HG-4**  
63 Central Ave., Ossining, N. Y.

Don't be disappointed, send now! Use coupon below to order. Only \$1.98 each—two helmets for \$3.75. Sorry, no C.O.D.'s.

EMPIRE MDSG. CO., Dept. HG-4  
63 Central Ave., Ossining, N. Y.

Please send me Cosmic Vision Helmet, price \$1.98  
Send TWO Cosmic Vision Helmets for \$3.75

I enclose cash  check  money order

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... Zone ..... State .....

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED—OR YOUR MONEY BACK  
SORRY, NO C.O.D.'s



# YES PAL! IN 10 MINUTES OF FUN A DAY YOU Can Become an All-Around, All-American HE-MAN Like We Did!

**WE WERE SKINNY WRECKS Like YOU!**

**BEFORE**

We Mailed Coupon

**YOU TOO CAN BECOME An AMAZING NEW HE-MAN**

If You Mail Coupon NOW

**AFTER**

We Mailed Coupon

**IN 10 MINUTES OF FUN A DAY!**

Mail Coupon Below

## Hi SKINNY

—they used to say before I took the Jowett Course I was run down, anemic, ashamed in a bathing suit. Now I have added 30 lbs. of steel-strong muscle—6" to my arms—10" to my chest. Jowett has given me a new body that is the envy of the neighborhood.

SICKLY GRIMM BEFORE



*Ken Grimm*  
Chicago, Ill.



KEN GRIMM AFTER

Full of Pep and Power

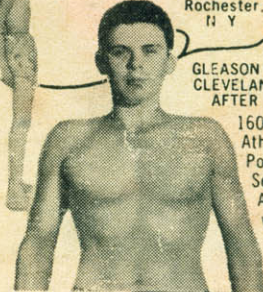
## I gained 70 lbs of mighty muscle!

You can be me in a matter of weeks through Jowett training. You can win a BIG SILVER TROPHY as I did! I went from SKINNY, puny 90 lbs to this All-American HE-MAN. NOW it looks like I'll make the football team just like you can too.

CLEVELAND BEFORE 90 lb Skeleton



*Gleason R. Cleveland*  
Rochester, N.Y.



GLEASON R. CLEVELAND AFTER

160-lb He-Man Athletic, Popular, Self-A Success with Men and Girls!

## In 10 Minutes of Fun A Day I Changed From a SKINNY WEAKLING to a MIGHTY MAN

I gained 49 lbs.—added 7" to my chest—3" to each arm. WITH ONE hand I can now lift overhead a boy weighing 145 pounds. Jowett gives you muscle quality as well as quantity. Mail the ALL-FREE Coupon below as I did.

JACKSON BEFORE



*Jobie Jackson*  
Arkansas



JOBIE JACKSON AFTER 90 Days!

MAN! aren't YOU as SICK and tired as I and thousands of MIGHTY JOWETT HE-MEN were of being SKINNY OR FLABBY?

IN which of the above groups does YOUR BODY belong? The 3 scrawny and flabby fellows on the top are the SAME fellows as the 3 HUSKIES on the bottom! YOUR PHOTO can soon belong to the HE-MAN GROUP

Then, Come on, Pal, do as they did! Give me 10 Pleasant Minutes a Day and I'll give YOU a NEW HE-MAN BODY for your OLD SKELETON FRAME.

NO! I don't care how skinny or flabby you are, if you're a teen-ager, in your 20's or 30's or over; if you're short or tall, or what work you do. All I want is to MAKE YOU OVER by the SAME METHOD I turned myself from a wreck to a Champion of Champions.

YES! You'll see INCH upon INCH of MIGHTY MUSCLE added to YOUR ARMS. Your CHEST deepened. Your BACK AND SHOULDERS broadened. From head to heels, you'll gain SOLIDITY, SIZE, POWER, SPEED! You'll become an ALL-Around, All-American HE-MAN, a WINNER in everything you tackle—or my Training won't cost you one single cent!

**Develop YOUR 520 MUSCLES Gain Pounds, INCHES, FAST!**

Friend, I've traveled the world. Made a LIFETIME STUDY of every way known to develop your body. Then I devised the BEST by TEST, my "5-WAY PROGRESSIVE POWER" the only method that builds you 5 ways fast. You save YEARS, DOLLARS like movie star Tom Tyler did. Like these champs did. Like MANY THOUSANDS like you did. SO



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Let me make YOU an ALL-AROUND

**HE-MAN**

as I made these former SKINNY and FLABBY WEAKLINGS

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Enclosed is \$10.95 plus 35c (total \$11.30). Ship Sprayer to me all postage charges prepaid.